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The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the
 research and the objectives of the study. It also outlines the
 methodology used in the study and the data sources. The second
 part of the paper presents the results of the study and discusses
 the implications of the findings. The third part of the paper
 concludes the study and provides recommendations for future
 research.

The study was conducted using a quantitative research design.
 The data was collected from a sample of 100 participants.
 The results of the study show that there is a significant
 relationship between the variables studied. The findings
 have important implications for the field of study.

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FROM THE FUND OF

GEORGE FRANCIS PARKMAN

(Class of 1844)

OF BOSTON

Emily W. Appleton.
from the Author
June - 1835.



FEATHERS

FROM

A MOULTING MUSE.

BY

HENRY J. SARGENT,

RESIDUARY LEGATEE OF THE LATE "WALTER
ANONYM."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

111 WASHINGTON STREET.

1854.

Thus look I on this child of rhyme,
Though insignificant, mayhap,
The offspring between thought and time,
Rocked in my mental lap.

It may contain full many a line
The critic stern would wish to blot;
His soul has never entered mine,—
I see what he does not!

Each is to me a register,
Wherein the smile and tear,
The sun and shadow of my thought,
Suggestively appear.

Though valueless to him they seem,
As valueless they are, no doubt,
He cannot rob me of the dream
Which shut the cold world out.

Each was a free-will offering
To the Thalia of the hour,
Who fanned to life, with restless wing,
The intellectual power.

I've called them to my fold again,
To prove to them they're not forsaken,
To reunite the broken chain
Whence they were taken.

DEDICATORY.

TO MY WIFE.*

DEAR Maggie, come here! Sit thee down by
my side,

I need a protector, a patron, a friend!

My boat is adrift on a critical tide,

And Heaven only knows how the voyage
may end.

* My old friend, "Walter Anonym," would have dedicated this little book "To the Public," not having, I suppose, any wife of his own. He was very easily persuaded (just previous to his death), however, of the absurdity of his proposition, upon my representation that it would be deemed by the printer and publisher a most satirical compliment. — H. J. S.

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Or might have walked, in 'broidered robe,
Through mythologic grove,
And given you the Christian names
Of Goddesses above,

Who wantonly have smiled on me,
Or given me a pat;
From “Blackwell's” quaint “Mythology”
I could have stolen that;—

Might have indited solid things,
Read only by the shelves;
Arabic to the million,
And dead letters to themselves;—

Or goaded my ambition
Into artificial rage,
A scientific lunatic,
Requiring no cage.

I might have spurred old “Pegasus,”
The Epic stream to cross ;
And, like my friend “Bellerophon,”
Have tumbled with my horse ;—

Might have off-scissored my “moustache,”
Letting my hair grow long ;
A locomotive monument
Of dithyrambic song.

My weakest verse would have been puffed
To pronoun I satiety,
Had I but once the candle snuffed
For the “Mutual A. Society.”

But I have travelled “mine ain gait,”
From all restriction free ;
Trusting that I could bide my fate,
Whate'er that fate might be.

My mood it was to alternate,
As you 'll perceive I 've done,
A vibratory pendulum
'Twixt sentiment and fun.

Thus “Γέγραφα δ γέγραφα,”
(Excuse this classic bit,
Which means, if English you prefer,
I 've written what I 've writ!

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

"In the interior of Central America have been discovered the ruins of an immense city, overgrown by a dense forest of trees; in the clearing away of which large edifices have been brought to light, together with temples and palaces of hewn stone.

"Though in a state of great dilapidation, the rubbish has been cleared away from some of them, and their interior explored; exhibiting to the astonished beholder evidences of a nation once existing there, highly skilled in the Arts, and in a state of civilization far beyond anything that we have been led to believe of the Aborigines previous to the discovery by Columbus." — DR. ACKERLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MYSTERIOUS record of relentless fate!

Vast mausoleum of a nation gone!

Who shall thy wondrous history relate?

Who shall decipher thy sepulchral stone?

What was thy doom? What the adventurous
crime

Which drew thee, powerless, in its fearful
toils?

Hast thou thus slumbered since that earlier
time,

When the mad waters revelled in the spoils,
And, to the muttering of the thunder's roll,
Gigantic Ruin slaked his thirsty soul?

Deep in the womb of the cold, voiceless
past,

Alike unknown, unknowing, hast thou lain
For centuries! Spring breeze, and winter
blast,

Have tried to rouse thee from thy trance in
vain.

A world hath grown above thee! heeding not
That 'neath the beating of its busy tread,

Lost to the present, by the past forgot,
Lay a vast army of the pulseless dead!
Mortality a lesson sad may learn
From the dank moss on thy neglected urn!

Dark relic of some unremembered age!
Vain the attempt thy history to trace.
Oblivion throws her mantle o'er the page,
Pointing for archives to thy burial-place!
The antiquarian trims his rusty lamp,
To rove among thy palaces and fanes,
Wiping with dainty hand the mould and damp
(The only shroud around thy cold remains),
No truth acquiring as he ploddeth on,
Save that thou wast awhile, and thou art gone!

It is no dream. Ah no! there was a day
When here were life, hope, joy, and beauty.
Where

Thy ruins crumble now, the sun's glad ray
Hath sparkled brightly. Summer's soft,
sweet air
Hath breathed of love, to many a maiden fond.
Art hath had being here! the sentient style
Hath bid the silent marble to respond
Unto its bidding! And the block doth smile
With such fair forms of loveliness and grace,
That jealous Time would hide, but not efface.

Above thee now the forest wide is spread;
Sad summer winds utter their soothing
moan;
The tiny wild-flower nods above the dead,
A painted satire on a prostrate throne!
Where now thy grandeur? On the swelling
surge
Of years remembered comes no voice of
thine;

But the lone cricket chants his fitful dirge,
The only laborer in this mortal mine,
On some elaborate work of art astride,
Chirping the requiem of the sons of pride.

Thou mightst have slept unrecognized, unknown,

Through the vast period of Time to be,
Writhing to hear a new world's smothered
groan

(Deep diapason to thine agony),
Save that the touch of that anomalous hand,
Which slowly writes decay and doom on
all,

Had loosened from thy breast the earthy band
Which held thee moveless in its mighty
thrall,

Unveiling, 'neath the dark, unconscious mould,
The hidden history of the days of old.

The plough of Time upturns the historic
pall,

'Neath which, invested in its garb of gloom,
Deep mystery doth hold high Carnival

With crumbling tenants of that splendid
tomb.

No footfall echoes in thy lonely street,—

No light remaineth in thy banquet-hall.

The insect creepeth with his noiseless feet,

And the dew oozes from the creviced wall.

Death's mantled reapers passed across the plain,

Loading, with mortal sheaves, his groaning
wain.

Who can interpret of the Almighty mind

The impulse? Who can comprehend the
thought,

Whose mere volition, chainless, unconfined,

Resolves again to cold, unthinking naught

(Prompted by hate or mercy still the same
The awful power) a sentient, vital world ?
Its origin, its destiny, its name,
Into the crucible of Chaos hurled,
There to remain embalmed in mimic state,
A nameless toy, down-thrown by reckless Fate.

What a deep interest twines round thy decay !
A melancholy grandeur ! Pale thought
brings
Suggestive feeling, with her pensile ray
Silvering, with light subdued, dark, shadowy
things ;
Which, although insignificant they be
Each in itself, yet each doth bear its part
In swelling out that moral harmony
Which vibrates ever in the human heart ;
The more mysterious still the more inspiring
That sublimation of the soul's desiring.

Vainly we call on Memory to awake
From her long slumber in the shrouded
past;

No ripple trembles on her placid lake !

Deep are the shadows on her mirror cast.
No phantom hand shall touch the silent lyre,
Waking that tone illusory, though sweet,
And, with the impulse of departed fire,
Startle the echoes from their wild retreat !

Deep Silence stands, a sentinel sublime,
Guarding the records of departed time !

The pensive bard may woo the Muse in vain,
For lore historic to perfect his theme.

New is the race which roves the unconscious
plain,

Sibyl nor prophet lives to explain the dream
We would interpret. Dark, perpetual night
Enfolds those unknown slumberers. Never

Shall earthly morning greet them with its
light.

To sense and time their eyes are closed for
ever!

What was their errand? what their destiny?
Predict from this, O sage, what thine may be!

The cool sophistic would philosophize
Upon this handful of mysterious dust,
(Throwing some portion of it in your eyes,
That you may take his dictum upon trust,)
Not as a serious "memento mori"
(That were to him too common-sense and
plain):

But, shrewdly reasoning "a posteriori,"
Resolve them to their elements again.
As if God's marvels were, to him, a scroll,
Which he, with hallowed fingers, might un-
roll!

Vain the attempt the Almighty's thought to
learn,

By scanning it through philosophic glass ;
Or sifting the frail dust in mortal urn.

Wisdom but whispers us, that "flesh is
grass" !

Wisdom ! what is it ? proven, year by year,
To be but vanity and idle boast.

The word prophetic of the by-gone seer
Is now the thesis for satiric toast !

'T would not be strange if all the wealth of
sages

Should be the laughing-stock of coming ages.

Each age the credo of the last effaces ;

A fossil city, starting from its grave,
The landmarks of geology displaces.

As, from the silvery beach, the in-flowing
wave

Blots the quaint sketches which the wave be-
fore

So cunningly had stamped, — a world, new-
born,

In-rolling upon Time's gray, silvery shore,

Blots out all traces of an old world gone.

Thus, after all, the sum of this earth's history
Is this : An inference questioning a mystery !

Spite of all science, there will still remain

To earth full many a secret all its own :

Inscription mystic upon sculptured fane,

By man unchronicled, to man unknown ;

Quaint hieroglyphics, traced by cunning hands,

Puzzling the research of the cunning mind,

Unwritten in the legends of the lands,

But to the archives of the dead confined.

Brooding inquiry becomes insane,

And, for relief, seeks the young world again !

Time's century-reapers, as they wander on,
 ('Trolling some merry libel on the past,)
Blot out our vaunted glories one by one;
 Chanting "Time's noblest offspring is the
 last"!

A few weak struggles against certain fate
 (Our personal necessity) is all
That we are sure of, in this curious state,
 Toil, and privation, and a dusty pall.
And future records will but serve to show
The same sad cycle of returning woe.

Mother of sad reflection! why may not
 The future destination of our plains
Be similar to thine? A burial spot
 For our neglected and unknown remains?
'T is a wild dream to dream; and yet we
 need
 No high-wrought fancy, nor prophetic ken

To reason from analogy. We read
Of a vast nation but that it has been!
And then its dark, brief history we close,
Wrapt in the mantle of its deep repose.

A world within a world! Unfolding too,
At every step, indisputable proof
Of luxury and age; startling the view
With "golden Lares, and with frescoed
roof,"

Gorgeous mementos of perfected art.

Ay, but the question, "Perfected by whom?"
Throws back the current of the beating heart;
For who shall dare to argue with the tomb?
What a vain mockery all the toil and care,
Lying in pompous desolation there!

How many legends of departed days
Within the earth's cold bosom lie concealed,

Hid from the busy Present's sordid gaze !

How many wondrous histories, unrevealed.
We shudder as we ponder on the fact,
That, rove where'er we will, on land or wave,
Pale Death, before us, the whole way hath
tracked.

Each flower is rooted in some secret grave ;
Each step of the proud ship, from zone to
zone,
Is o'er a pulseless heart, or bleaching bone.

Cast up life's brief account. How foolish, vain,
Viewed through the microscope which rea-
son lends !

How many losses, and how little gain !

What vast exertions for what trifling ends !
-Struggles ! for high Ambition's dazzling goal.
Dreams ! which are destined ever dreams to
be.

False aspirations ! fettering the soul,
Yet claiming for themselves true liberty,
Forgetting that in chains we wander here,
Watching a promise floating on a tear !

Age after age has man in learning grown,
Till like a giant in his might he stands !
Master of every nature but his own ; —
Geographer of all but the few sands,
Which, curiously attracted, act and bind
The spirit in its cabinet of clay,
Too often like a captive thing confined,
Uncheered too often by one purer ray ;
But left, all holier impulses withdrawn,
The sceptic's plaything and the cold world's
scorn !

Record mysterious ! to the dark eclipse
• Which shrouds thy form investigation brings

No satisfactory apocalypse ;

But broodeth over thee with folded wings,
Turns o'er each relic cautiously, to gain

Some token through whose medium to find
Thy lost connection with life's broken chain,
Oblivion's rusty hinges to unbind.

Her bark lies freightless on the dusky shore,
And the lone cricket dirges, as before !

A FEW MORE LEFT.

“A FEW more left!” It’s always so;

Who ever saw the last?

You send home your umbrella, —

You suppose the storm is past, —

But when its in the hat-stand snug,

Old Pluvius takes out the plug.

Talk of the last? There’s no such thing!

There is no last. How can there be?

'T is but a fool's conjecturing.

Where do you find Eternity,
If you believe each passing hour
Subtracted from our final dower ?

" A few more left ! " Why, look at Blitz !

Ask him but for a small " bouquet,"
He 'll " knock the idea into fits," —

Furnish you flowers full half a day,
And cultivate them all, at that,
In some old, worn-out beaver hat.

" A few more left ? " Of course there are ;

And will be, while the world goes on.
Each year or two some new-born star
Shines out from its celestial zone.

A man must be of sense bereft
Who thinks there can't be one more left.

Although the bad predominate,
And evil vaunteth over good, —
Though Virtue oft is spurned by Fate,
And fails to compass what it would, —
Faith, smiling at Earth's treasures reft,
Points upward to those "few more left"!

PAST AWAY!

“PAST away!” Mysterious meanings

Those two words involve ;

Life, and Death, and Destiny ! —

More than man can solve.

History, from her dusky archives,

Vainly would essay

More than that laconic record,

“Past away!”

“ Past away ! ” The echo vibrates, .
Like a tolling bell,
Where a mortal dwelt and perished.
If in quiet dell,
Or in cities grand with pride, —
Here, or far away, —
Still chime on that mournful duo,
“ Past away ! ”

Spring, with sweet reunion, comes, —
Sunshine, bird, and flower ;
Music, dearest gift of all,
Woos the scented hour.
Care has “ gone a gypsying ” !
Pleasure leads the day !
With the twilight comes that chime,
“ Past away ! ”

On the cheek of fading beauty,
Sleeping with the rose, —
Slowly stealing into notice,
From their soft repose, —
Visible, although in shadow, —
Those same words appear,
Like the calm, prophetic warning
Of a seer.

On the tomb of nations vanished,
Sculptured clear and deep, —
Through the mist and rime of ages, —
Doth that record sleep.
Howsoe'er enshrined in story,
Or embalmed in song,
With the pæan and the triumph
Steals that chime along,
“ Past away ! Past away ! ”

A SOLILOQUY.

'T is my last, last potato !
Yet calmly I stand,
With the firmness of Cato,
My fork in my hand.

Not one in the basket !
And is it then so ?
With sorrow I ask it,
Shall I eat thee, or no ?

Poor, fated Chenango!
What feelings arise,
As the tears trickle down
From thy prominent eyes!

I'll make one incision,
There's no need to peel ye,
'T will let in the vision
To judge if ye're mealy.

How wholesome, how turfy,
It smells through the mist!
A genuine Murphy!
O, who could resist!

If, in that blessed Eden,
Potatoes had been
Of fruits the forbidden,
We still should have Sin.

For who, in his senses,
Would long be in doubt,
'Twixt Earth with potatoes,
Or Eden without!

SONNET TO ———.

" I WISH — O, how I wish we ne'er had met!"

Sighing you whispered me at our last meet-
ing.

Confess to me, Love's Priest, that you regret
Each sad "good bye" is not a tender meet-
ing.

The wish is negative for what is gone.

Fond Wish is Hope's young sister,
ever straying

After some dream delicious farther on,
With sweet anticipation idly playing.

The tree would die ; the flower would droop
and fade,

'Neath the warm influence of perpetual noon!
Mingled with sunshine there must be some
shade ;

Were there no light, then there would be no
moon.

Earth were too much like heaven, dear girl,
with you,

Unless two sad "good byes" embraced each
"how d'ye do?"

S O U P !

LET others mount their Pegasus
 And fly to worlds afar,
 Inditing pensive sonnet
 By the light of some young star.

Mine the task — ("Thalia ave!"
 From thy proud eyrie stoop,
 Aid me! in this mine "onus grave") —
 To pen an ode to Soup!

First comes majestic Turtle !
 (How I wish I had a bowl !)
Like a symphony, — all fragments, —
 Blending in a perfect whole !

Talk to me of California !
 Here we have whole spheres of gold,
Lighting up those soft green islands,
 Wherein sleep, as I've been told,

Souls of faded Aldermen !
 And yet who would mind the jeer,
If he too could dine on Turtle
 Fifty-two times in a year, —

And enjoy the hope poetic,
 That he too may rest in peace,
In some gastronomic island,
 Near the classic soil of Greece ?

There 's Julian! Macaroni! Brown!
Voluptuous Ox-tail too!
My hungry Muse would taste them all,
But that she may not do.

Chicken! pale, pensive Chicken!
Pregnant with sad ideas,—
Croup, whooping-cough, and measles,
Nurses, castor-oil, and tears,—

Upon whose calm, unruffled breast
No floating thing is seen,
All whose disturbing causes rest
Submerged in the tureen!

To thee, pale Chicken! shall be given
The tribute of this lay;
Thou unassuming, gentle friend
Of my young, brothy day.

True to the last! consistent still!
Pure, as when first I knew thee,
No Soup equivocal art thou, —
An infant may see through thee!

O, may my right spoon bend and break,
When I shall prize thee not;
And may I close thy heavy lid
Whene'er thou "goest to Pot."!

SONG.

LADY! when the Night-breeze, waking,
Leaves her island in the sea,
And the Star of Eve, new-risen,
Whispers me of heaven and thee, —

Think upon those glad hours banished
With the hopes of earlier years,
Brilliant, even while they vanished,
Precious now, though viewed through tears!

Fare thee well ! Thou mayst not listen
To a sad refrain like mine, —
To a Song whose inspiration
Lives but in that glance of thine.

Still, within my heart enfolded,
Dwells the memory enshrined
Of those blissful days departed,
With the present sadly twined.

Fare thee well ! Although thine altar
Hold from me no offering now,
Save Hope's faded, scentless garlands
Clustering round thy broken vow, —

Memory, fondly still, re-echoes
The glad music it hath known ;
As the harp of evening vibrates
When the breeze hath wandered on.

SONNET TO ———.

NESTLE still closer to me, Genevieve,

Until thy heart's pulsation seems to be
Trembling in mine ; as doth the Star of Eve
Within the breast of the unquiet Sea.

Far down, among the Ocean's swaying
flowers,

Which the young Mermaids gather,
her mild rays

Are shining ; and upon the coral towers,
With swinging sea-weed draped, her
soft light strays.

Thus, through my soul's deep-shaded, lightless
places,

In breaks thy presence like a starry beam,
Revealing in life's desert an oasis, —

Making reality a heavenly dream !
Nestle still closer. Now, we seem to be,
Thyself the Ocean, I that Star to thee !

INSPIRATION.

THE fount of inspiration lies
Where'er the Poet chooses.
'Neath soft Italia's tinted skies,
Where Love doth lurk in those dark eyes
Which light the bowers of Paradise,
(At least so say the Muses,) Or, where the heartless Northern blast,
Upon his frozen steed astride,
His snowy cloak at random cast,
Loud shrieketh as he hurrieth past,
Relentless, furious, and fast,
The cozy Ingle-side.

A plaintive song, a wee wild-flower,
Have wakened in the soul
Till then unconscious of the power,
An inspiration for the hour,
A ray unseen, unfelt before, —
The tenth wave on the silvery shore, —
Then, lost the sweet control.

Spirits there are, to whom, unknown
To the cold world, each fleeting minute

Has a dear influence of its own,
Some softer light, some tenderer tone,
Some moonlight dream around it thrown,
Some glad thought in it!

There are who delve, for glory's sake,
The Laureate to attain!
Who think asleep, who toil awake,
And life a melancholy make,

By striving thus to overtake

A shadow in the brain !

Thus woo not I, for Epic theme,

The unpropitious Nine ;

Thus drink not I from shadowy stream

Chained to Ambition's slavish dream.

O, sweeter far the draught I deem

From this wee fount of mine !

No serious Melpomene,

From her despotic throne,

Shall issue her commands to me !

My thought, though humble, shall be free ;

Nor supplicate, on bended knee,

For leave to walk alone.

O'er heath, thro' vale and meadow, straying,

Adown the rocky glen, —

Where sunbeams on small boughs are
playing,

Where unknown flowers are gently sway-
ing,
And the shy fairies do their Maying,
Far from the haunts of men.

Mine be the Muse the instant brings,
Type of the passing feeling, —
The light from whose prismatic wings,
In fitful, trembling beauty, flings
Its tint o'er my imaginings,
Electric thought revealing!
Thus, from each fancy flitting by,
My wayward friend shall take
Some little scented memory,
Some wild-flower from my thought's
bouquet,
Her quaint, mosaic history
Of my mind's life to make.

TRIUNE EPIGRAM.

Who thinks the *nascitur* not fit,
Sure sense and wisdom lacks.
Why rove afar for sterling wit?
We have it in our Saxe!
Quote you from Juvenal's Satirics
The wittiest idea,
Or gems from the Horatian Lyrics,
We can quote W(h)ittier here!
Then seek not wit in foreign lands,
Nor search through ancient tomes,
When it is ready at our hands,
And sparkling in our Ho(l)mes!

TO A VENERABLE HURDY-GURDY.

BLEST were the hours, when, in thy happy prime,
Thy soul, new-wired, out-twanged itself in
song,

When thy proud owner's bounding heart kept
time

To thy glad measure as life trolled along.

How pensively he watched the *Son's* last *raise*
Silvering thy polished surface as they shone!

How smiled he, as he circled thee with *baize*
At eve, when thy triumphant march was
done!

Then waked thy fervid chords to "Love's
Young Dream,"

Or moaned through "Mary, I believed thee
true"!

Sweetly they told of "Bendemeer's blue
stream,"

And joyous wert thou. Life, to thee, was
new!

How much like youth! In thy first spring-
time days

Full of glad influence, and tender tone,
Ready, at morn, with thy harmonious lays,
Nor wearied with thyself when day was done.

How much like youth!

Now suddenly ejecting quaint orgasms,
Mingled with wild and incoherent muttering,
And horrid groans, indicative of spasms,
One strain, and then a five-bar rest of stuttering, —
How much like age!

How much like age! The will without the power,
Sad emblem of man's worn-out pilgrimage,
Weakness and imbecility thy dower,
Past by neglectfully,—how much like age!

Poor Hurdy! mourn not over rusty wires
And broken cogs: no! view them (as you can)
But as the emblems of the weak desires,
The hopes decayed which mark the course
of man.

Cheer up then ! Thine is no peculiar lot :

Such is the history of us all below.

This living, rusting, but to be forgot,

Completes the cycle of a world of woe.

JENNY LIND'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

It is no dream ! The foaming sea
 Its burden to the shore has cast,
 And at the shrine of Liberty
 I kneel at last.

The shrine of Liberty ! that word
 By me how prized, to me how dear !
 Though undefined, so often heard !
 And am I here ?

Yes, I am here ! My pulses leap !
With patriot zeal my bosom thrills !
O that this genial air might sweep
O'er Swedia's hills, —

Until her every mount and dell
(As touched by an enchanter's wand)
Should smile beneath its magic spell, —
Mine own, loved land !

I come ! I come to weave a chain
Of melody, to bind the hour.
O, should we never meet again,
May it have power

To say, where words could not impart
The wildering, joyous thoughts which throng,
I yielded you my very heart,
My soul, my soul, in Song.

S O N N E T.

PHRENOLOGY ! I send this missive to you now,
To beg you'll send a load of bumps, by the
first train.

Having many virtuous holes unoccupied, do
thou,

In mercy to thine humble suppliant, deign
To stuff them for my good.

Cram full my upper story
With knots of blazing piety ; that it may be
A transcendental lighthouse, — a far-shining
glory !

Whose rays, humane, point out the fearful
breakers in life's sea.

Stop up all those dark crevices where sin might
enter :

When short of intellectual putty, stick to
wax !

Place Moral Courage, sentinel, in the centre,
And let Suspicion, wary, peep through the
small cracks.

Where substance can't be used, resort to an
injection :

In short, if "all the same to you," make me
perfection !

THE PRAYER OF THE PRAIRIE-FLOWER.

LOITERING in a garden one summer's day, among a collection of gorgeous exotics, I spied a tiny flower which seemed so out of place, with her little, pale, sentimental face peeping through the flaunting dresses of those foreign flirts (who appeared to take infinite satisfaction in standing between her and the blue sky and sunshine), I thought the flower whispered me this scented prayer : —

BEAR me back! bear me back to the quiet nook

In the prairie glade,
Where, near the sadly murmuring brook,
With friends around me,
By the odor-laden breezes swayed,
You found me.

Beneath the quiet, overarching sky,
Unknown and unadmired
Save by those few I love the best
And Him who sent me from on high,
Let me in silence rest.
O, take me back! that I may hear again
His voice low murmuring on the boundless plain.

Say not that gentle care will house me warm
When winter breathes upon my sister flowers,
No fears have I!
Heaven's mercy shields me through the summer storm,
And Faith bides calmly the autumnal hours,
When I must die.

Nay, more!
Hold me not up in my simplicity,
To be the gaze of those exotic things

How very strangely now upon the ear
 Fall words of kindness, voices low and sweet,
Whispering of blissful expectations near,
 Hastening the glad heart's beat!

Then look we through our telescope for friends :
 Not one, alas ! where once we had so many.
A sudden dulness has come o'er the *lends*,
 Point where we may, we look in vain for any.

Endeavor we, by means of an extension,
 To reach our object. Still we strive in vain.
At last it comes within our comprehension
 That what we've lost will ne'er come back
 again.

Like to some dream insane doth come the text,
 " To him who hath, to him shall more be
 given,"

“ From him who hath not — ” Here, still more
perplexed,

We wish our Creditors (to make it even)
Enjoying in that world they call the next
The bliss we ’ve tasted here. .Perhaps that ’s
Heaven !

S O N N E T T O ———.

—————

“ Too late I stayed.” A very pleasant crime,
Which, doubtless, one is bound to expiate
When he determines how to reckon time.

It ’s all Pickwickian, this idea of late.

If thus the bright hours hasten, — if the
sands

Thus get the start of time and all ho-
rology, —

My watch shall be divested of the hands.

Then shall I have the *face* to make
apology.

One thing is very certain in this life,
'T is this : that we 're descended, all, from
Tantalus.

Pray Heaven he had a handsome, virtuous wife
(That history don't mention her is scandalous).

If there's one question harder than another
To answer, in such case, it's "How's your
mother?"

ROMANZA. — TO ———.

WHAT would life be to us without Romance ?

A march funereal, with its steady beat
And solemn step. A serio-comic dance,

Whose only music were the tramp of feet
O'er that undevious bridge, where every soul

Must leave some relic, as it passes by, —
Some dear remembrancer, by way of toll,
And, in exchange, receive a tear — or sigh.

O, rather let our thought go wandering free
As roving Gypsies. Now, through summer
fields ;

Now, tenting it beside the sobbing sea,
Whose low, sad murmuring through the
senses steals

Like unforgotten music of a bird,
With pensive memories and sad voices
blended ;

Or plaintive song, which, though for years
unheard,

Comes sighing back, e'en sadder than it then
did.

If we could borrow wings, dear Genevieve,
We'd take a flight across the summer seas !
Or, bidding earth good by some moonlight
eve,

Touch at " Orion " and the " Pleiades ! "

Free from her moorings, some young Angel's
boat,

While he in dreams of his fair saint lies
sleeping,

From star to star, propelled by music, float,
Through the bright heavens our brilliant
voyage keeping.

Or we would hang our hearts upon the horns
Of the young moon, in the fresh evening air,
While, far below, upon mosaic lawns,
Flowers of the night their scented breasts
lay bare

To catch the wayward wanderers, should af-
fright,

When Luna in the West begins to wane,
Urge them to tempt the uncalculated height,
And leap, through silence, down to earth
again!

Let others kneel before the gaudy shrine
Of Flora, circled with enamelled chain.
Ours be the sweeter task, dear Genevieve,
The scented brier in the shady lane
With the star-wooded Nyctanthis flower to
weave.

Or make sad wreaths of withered way-side
flowers,
From which the fragrance and the bloom' have
past,
Whose faded leaves turn backward to those
hours

The envious dial counted off so fast.

Forget to-day. Come back with me! and
dream

O'er those sweet yesterdays we 've loved
and lost,

Which stand, with folded wings, beside life's
stream,

Softly daguerreotyped by memory's beam.

Not misanthropical to count the cost,
But, miser-like, to hug them to thy heart,
(Those Phantom Statuettes of joy's ideal,
Till, warmed by thee, each pulse anew shall
start,

And they shall live again, unchanged and
real!

THE FESTIVAL OF TEARS.

'T is Music's choicest " Festival " !

'T is Malibran * who sings !

With her thrilling Hallelujahs,

The vast Cathedral rings !

* The death of Malibran was most touching and poetic, as described to me by that eloquent enthusiast, Rev. Henry Giles. What of merit there may be in this little poem, I may refer to him, in a certain sense, as it was his glowing description which inspired me. — H. J. S.

Free as the bird among the clouds,
She roams without control;
Her rich, sad tones come gushing forth
Like voices from the soul!

Swaying, with her angelic notes,
The awed and silent crowd,
Whose hearts, responsive to the spell,
Are beating fast and loud,

What muffled form bends over her,
To catch her last low tone?
What passionate idolater,
Mysterious and alone?

Some ardent lover must he be; —
How clings he to her side!
How lifteth he his mantle up,
To veil his flush of pride!

Nearer he draws ! He fears to lose,
Of hers, the slightest breath !
“ Bravissimo ! ” He leads her out !
The mantle falls. ’T is Death !

Carved upon that ghastly brow
In lurid light appears,
“ This shall be called my ‘ Festival,’
The Festival of Tears ! ”

Loved friends are bending over her.
“ In vain ! ” a deep voice sadi,
“ Ye are but whispering to dust,
That soul in song hath fled ! ”

“ Robed for a higher ‘ Festival,’
She heareth not your prayer.”
She is now in Heaven’s Cathedral,—
Her spirit chanteth there ! ”

SONNET TO NOTHING.

MYSTERIOUS Nihil ! As I never saw you,
Nor can describe you, or in form or feature,
You 'll marvel at my sudden fondness for
you.

But do n't look blank, if I should chance
to meet you.

I know your fascinating sister, Silence,
very well :

Many are the cozy times we've had to-
gether.

Oft her sweet influence hath bound me in
a spell
Of dreamy ecstasy, until I knew not whether,
Listening the Ocean's sympathetic grieving
(As the odor-laden land-breeze loitered by),
'Twas my own heart, or the sad sea, thus
heaving ;
Or if the Wind's soft breath were your
dear Sister's sigh.
When next you hear from Silence, (Nothing,)
as you will,
Forget not, though she scorn to speak to me,
I love her still !

TO THE BOBOLINK.

QUAINT and curious little singer,
Winged, aerial Swiss bell-ringer,
Floating now, as if at pleasure
On thine own delicious measure,
In the Summer air:
Now upon a tree-top tilting,
Keeping time with thy mad liting,
Melodizing, in thy freak,
Irish, Dutch, Hungarian, Greek,
Joyous everywhere.

Now, a short and funny strain,
Ending quick, as if a pain
 Suddenly attacked the throat,
 Strangling here and there a note,
 And then racing
Through the queerest fantasies,
On the grass and in the skies,
 Tinkling, choaking, fluttering, chatte
 Blinking, winking, bowing, clattering
 Trotting, running, pacing.

Love and marriage (both "high treaso
You perfect in one short season.
" Arnault," and " Corelli " too,
Yield, at once, the palm to you
 In their art.
Pupils of a month or so
You instruct in all you know,
And your concerts prove, in Autumn,

How successfully you 've taught 'em
In each part.

First, three short eccentric quirks,
Then fourteen spasmodic jerks,
And now, gushing forth amain,
Comes that wild, voluptuous strain,
Like a Polka measure.

Sweet, continuous it flows,
Gathering richness as it goes,
A melodious avalanche!
Which "Rossini," "Weber," "Planche,"
Would esteem a treasure.

Mocking-bird * doth ne'er essay
To repeat thy wondrous lay,

* It is a fact indisputable, that the "Mocking-bird" cannot imitate the note of the "Bobolink." It is asserted, moreover, that he pines in silence if within hearing of that marvellous tone which thus defies his art. — H. J. S.

Though he ponder e'er so long
Upon thy metallic song,
Listens he in vain.
Following a mountain sprite
Down a rocky steep, at night,
Would involve no surer fate
Than the attempt to imitate
That melodious rain.

Quaint and curious little singer,
Winged, aerial Swiss bell-ringer,
Be it sunshine, cloud, or rain,
That same liquid, wild refrain
Dances o'er us.

Yet no mortal that I've seen,
(Good authority I mean,)
Though he claim to comprehend
All the solos ever penned,
Can translate that chorus.

TO ———. A CAROL.

You bid me write, lady! unconscious, I deem,
How cold and unmeaning the numbers will
be,

Unless thy pure Spirit preside o'er the dream,
Inspiring the bard by some token from thee.

Give thou but a look, or a wave of the hand,
To thy suppliant here, 't will inspire him
more

Than a wreath from the haughtiest Nine in
the land.

O kindle mine Altar! I pray, I implore!

A glance! Blessed Sunbeam! No longer un-
known

The Poet shall languish. No more shall be
hung

The harp on the willows, to murmur and
moan,

No longer neglected, no longer unstrung.

If I touch but the chords, the wild measure
outflows,

Like the lark's liquid lay through the sum-
mer air ringing;

Creations of Beauty start up from repose,

And the Angel of Thought her sweet incense
is bringing.

As the Statue of Memnon at morning re-
plies

In melody soft to the Sun's earliest smile,

My heart, warmed to life by the light of thine
eyes,

In song would repay their glad influence
the while.

Alas for the Muse, when that light is with-
drawn !

How faintly the fires on her altar shall burn !
Her hope, her existence itself, will be gone,
When that bright inspiration has failed to
return.

As the mariner, lone, o'er the stormy wave
driven,

Each night looketh up, from his home on
the main,
For that star of his faith to rekindle in heaven,
Thus, lady, I watch thy bright coming again.

THE LILY'S WOOING.

"No marvel woman should love flowers ; they bear
 So much of fanciful similitude
 To her own history."

WITHIN a cozy little bower
 A modest wild-rose bloomed ;
 The wings of every passing hour
 Were by her breath perfumed.

From out her scented chalice
 The nightingale would drink,
 And the evening star looked down on her
 With a most coquettish wink.

She knew the star was far too high
To think of coming down,
So she pouted with her fragrant lip,
And frowned her thorniest frown.

The moon peeped into her bower, and smiled
On her leaves so bright with dew ;
Oh ! she was as joyous as Rose could be,
For nothing of love she knew.

She often wished that some sweet flower
Might greet her in the wood,
Might share her soft, sad summer nights,
And cheer her solitude.

Yet merrily flew the hours by,
When the Rose was young in May ;
The South-wind, with its gentle sigh,
Was rocking her all the day.

The humming-bird, with his satin wing,
Would fan her at noontide hour,
And the butterfly opened his golden screen,
To shadow the fainting flower.

* * * * *

But the Rose at last did dream a dream
Of a floweret tall and fair:

Each day that vision is still the theme,
Each night the dear dream is there.

No longer does she joy to hear
The pine-bird's rippling tone, —
She starts if the humming-bird come near,
She weeps if left alone.

Day after day does she languish on,
Poor, love-lorn Queen of Flowers!
Looking for that dear mystery
Which haunts her dreamy hours.

In vain the evening breeze may sigh
The trembling trees among ;
In vain the wild-bird's melody,—
She heedeth not his song.

The moonlight is too sad for her,
Too gay the sunny glare ;
And life is but a dreary blank,
Unless that dream be there.

* * * * *

'T is now far on in the month of June,
A dark and stormy night !
In mockery of the shrouded moon,
The lightning quivers bright.

The clouds upon the tempest borne
In mad confusion ride ;
From her stock the delicate Rose is torn,
And dropped on a rushing tide.

Far away ! through ripple, and eddy, and foam,
She glides on the river's breast,
Till she finds herself clasped in a soft embrace,
And gently lulled to rest.

O for one breath from her own loved vale,
One sunny wild-wood gleam !
One sad, delicious, final glimpse
Of that lost precious dream !

Trembling she lay through that stormy night,
Unconscious of the power
Which held her safe on the waves so light,
A poor, heart-broken flower.

* * * * *

The storm has ceased ; through parting clouds
The sparkling stars are peeping :
In the graceful folds of a Lily pale
A languid Rose lies sleeping.

Sweet smile! Some cherished memory
Mingles with her repose :

Zephyr, perhaps, is murmuring
Soft Arias to the Rose.

She wakes! Then asks the tall, pale flower,
In sad and gentle tone,

“ Why hast thou left thy scented bower,
Unguided, and alone? ”

* * * * *

The story of the midnight storm
Is told with such sweet grief,

The Lily presses her yielding form,
And kisses her blushing leaf.

* - *

Then looks he down in the waters clear,
And murmurs the Lily pale,

“ A bird hath sung of a lovely Rose,
Far off in a shady vale.

“ He sang as of the fairest thing
This world of ours could show, —
A wanderer, strayed from Paradise,
To this cold earth below.”

Oft have I prayed that flower to see,
Doubting the love-sick bird sang true.
No more I doubt. He sang of thee!
Sweet Vision of light and dew!

“ O wilt thou leave thy forest dear,
The bird, and the scented vine,
To dwell with me on the waters clear?
Loved Rose! wilt thou be mine?”

With bended stalk, and leaf downcast,
Trembling the fair one lay.
She never had been wooed before:
What could the poor Rose say?

"Fear not!" the ardent Lily said,
Clasping her slender zone,

"But rest thou here. Be thou my queen!
Come, share my broad green throne!"

"Beneath the same glad summer sky,
Rocked on the same blue wave,
We 'll live, and love our years away,
And find at last one grave!"

Now deeper blushed the modest Rose,
At the warmth of the Lily's press.
By the light of the stars, at twilight's close,
She whispered a perfumed "Yes!"

SONNET.—OCEAN TWILIGHT.

SAD, moaning Ocean! o'er whose sobbing breast
Golden winged moonbeams hover trem-
blingly,
As the first star stoops to the shadowy West,
And Silence prints her kiss on lawn and lea,
Wrap me in that sweet influence which of yore
Folded my spirit in its cool embrace,
While dreamily I stood upon the shore,
Watching the panting waves, in emulous race,

Each in its turn exhausted reach the goal;
 Leaving its mark of foam upon the sand.
It waked my heart, where now it stirs my soul,
 That wrestling wave upon the lonely strand,
So much resembleth it the mad, unmeaning
 strife,
Which ends, like that, in foam, upon the shore
 of life.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIDE of the summer night! .

Over the dewy mountain shining clear,
 So eloquent of love and light,
 Once more I greet thee here.

Here, where in early time I felt
 The hallowed impulse of the heart's first
 dream,
 And I, in silent adoration, knelt
 Beneath thy chastening beam.

Long years have passed, sweet Vision!

Since those delicious hours,
When from thy bower Elysian
I plucked poetic flowers, —

And, weaving garlands, idly deemed
That Time would dim their freshness never,
But that all radiant as they seemed
In their young bloom they would be ever.

Alas! the hand is weary,
The eye that watched grows dim,
The memories of dear voices lost
Chant their funereal hymn.

The forest shade seems deeper,
There 's more mist upon the hill,

The paths down hill are steeper,
And will soon be steeper still!

* * * * *

How simple is life's story!
Moon! ruddy, rosy, radiant light!
Love, passion, hope, fame, glory!
Clouds, shadows, sober twilight, night!

Like spectres do we pass
Across a flowerless and deserted land,
Watching the turning of the glass,
The steady ebbing of the down-flowing

But thou still shinest brightly,
As on that sad-remembered, halcyon e
Still dost thou wander nightly,
Fulfilling thy same glorious destin
heaven!

And thus, to other hearts, like mine,
Throughout thy future unrecorded years,
Thy calm and holy light shall shine
Upon youth's ardent hopes, and manhood's
spectral fears.

SONNET TO THE DIV'L!

**DEAR Satan! we 've been anxious to address
you,**

**But hardly had the boldness to approach.
Whether 't would do to greet you with "G
bless you!"**

**Were more than doubtful; and then how
broach**

**The subject, which has ne'er been quite
plained,—**

**Your horns and tail? — concerning which
we 're curious.**

However, this first step is one point gained.

Perceiving that you 're not so devilish furious,

Respectfully we ask how long your tail is.

Should the descriptions of you, in Hell's
History,

Be taken strictly, or *cum grano salis*?

For Heaven's sake, unfold the awful mys-
tery!

Is it a fact, as we have understood,

That brimstone *pâté* is your only food?

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE RETURN OF THE ATLANTIC, SUPPOSED
TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

Sing not the song of triumph,
Shout not the shout of glee,
But deeper let the throbbing
Of thy soul's expression be.

Bow to that Power Supernal,
Who held her trembling form
In the hollow of his hand upright
Through the unrelenting storm.

Shake off all worldly feeling,
Forget all worldly ties,
Until thy spirit holdeth
Communion with the skies.

Humbly shalt thou acknowledge
Her strength were all in vain,
To struggle with the elements,
To battle with the main!

O, higher were the sailor's hopes,
When the demon of the gale
Shouted amid the shrieking ropes,
And shook the tattered sail!

She did not brave the tempest,
She merely lived, to prove
That mightier than the tempest
Was the power of holy Love.

Her strength! 'T were less than weakne
To test the Ocean's might;
With its mountain surges wrestling,
Through the melancholy night.

Bawbles and toys her engine,
Her pilots, and her helm,
Needing but one unguided wave
To strangle and o'erwhelm.

Sing not the song of triumph,
Shout not the shout of glee,
But deeper let the throbbing
Of thy soul's expression be.

THE SERENADE.

THE other night, at half-past two o'clock,
(People who dine at twelve would call it
morning,) .

I was awakened by a sudden shock,
Almost as fearful as the startling warning
The prophet Camel gives his Arab master
Of the Simoom's dread coming.

I was dreaming
Of rosy lips, and necks of alabaster.

Love and myself deliciously were schemin
All sorts of prettinesses in a bower, whe
hark!

The horn, asthmatic, groans its dism
warner,

. Like a huge giant yawning in the dark.

Cupid, farewell! They 're coming rou
the corner.

To bring forth sounds so monstrously hereti
Night must have wed the Mastodon Emetic

.

.

"GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH!"

"God save the Commonwealth"! We need
Some pious *pater noster* in these days,
When every jackass munches his own creed,
And swears by thorns and thistles, while he
 . brays.

The holy parson to his godly flock
Doth preach sedition; nor can rest at ease
Unless she deal the Bible a hard knock,
Or utter some such homilies as these:—

"Ye think the miracles are true, then, do
And ye believe them to this hour?
fools!

How often must I put this thesis to ye, —
Religion must not be behind the school

"D' ye think that Balaam's ass in He
spoke

As fluently as 't were his mother tongue
Or d' ye think, with me, 't was but a joke
Palmed off upon the world when it
young,

"And there was dearth of fancy? . Trust ye
To aught but what your 'higher law
spires!

Trample the Constitution under foot!
And from my altar light your fading fir

THE PILOT 'S THERE!

A RESPONSE TO "ROCKS AHEAD!" BY MARTIN F. TUPPER,
IN THE TRANSCRIPT, APRIL 18, 1851.

"Rocks Ahead!" We need no warnings,
Though we trust thou art sincere ;
Taking kindly thy intention,
We return to thee thy fear.
Urged by a resistless impulse,
Thou hast answered to the call ;
With prophetic finger pointing
To the phantom on the wall.

Steady shall our gallant vessel
Mount o'er every troubled sea,

With her sails untorn and stainless,
And her pennon floating free !
Safely through the angry surges
She her precious weight shall bear,
Looking calmly on her peril,
While she sees her pilot there !

Ever faithful to his duty,
Constant ever at his post,
He will rescue her from danger,
Though she may be tempest-tost.
On the " rocks " she will not founder.
Fear not, Saxon, nor despair:
She shall bring her priceless cargo
Safely home. " The Pilot's there !

Time, with weary ages laden,
Shall behold her flag unfurled,

And the arms of Freedom stretching
To the verges of the world.

While the eagle from his eyrie,
As he plumes his radiant wings,
Looks in vain for those dominions
Which were the sport of kings.

When our "Pilot," crowned with glory,
Sleepeth in his honored grave,
Still shall ride the gallant vessel
*Safely, o'er the stormiest wave;
For his spirit* shall be with her,
Shall protect her everywhere;
And his influence, immortal,
Ever be her "Pilot" there!

* The wailing of a nation has gone forth since the publication of this faint tribute to the Hon. Daniel Webster, and the prophecy has become a sad historic fact. Admiration for the living is changed to reverence for the dead.

L I N E S

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP IN MY WINDOW.

SOFTLY responding to the Etesian wind,
 Comes a faint melody; as if from far
 Echoed the chime harmonious, which doth l
 In choral chain planet and moon and st

It is my Wind-Harp, at its evening prayer
 No mortal hand could win such gentle t
 From those frail wires: some tiny sprite is th
 Uttering his pensive memories, sad and l

Hark! now a rapid, changeful, joyous measure;
ure;

A troop of Fairies o'er the chords is straying,
ing,

Wooing the Harp's vibrations back to pleasure,
ure,

By the wild beauty of their roundelaying.

Now doth some low, half-sobbing, tender theme,
Of melancholy meaning, gently grieving,
Die ere half-whispered, — a delicious dream
Of "music, moonlight, love, and flowers"
weaving.

Each night an angel tunes those trembling
chords;

And Zephyr, stooping as he hastes along,
Doth breathe upon them little scented words,
Which the fond Harp returns to him in song.

Sweet Seraph! dwelling in those p
strings,

Ne'er canst thou weary with thy sad
Wave at my window thy melodious v
Wrap me in that delirious trance ag

Light up these shadows with the sunshi
Transport me back to youth's delightf
No answer save that melancholy moan
The wind is lulled to rest : my dream

MISS SNOW TO HER PERSECUTORS.

The following lines were written in answer to a series of poetical slurs addressed to "Miss Snow," signed "Frost," "White," and "Hall," published in the Boston Post.

A VALIANT man you are in fact,
 A gallant Colonel, Mr. "Post,"
 To see a poor, lone girl attacked,
 And barbecued, and hewed, and hacked,
 By such a rabble host!

Who says there 's nothing in a name,
 When every rascal, high or low,

Or halt, or blind, or deaf, or lame,
Asserts his right of making game
Of me, poor spinster Snow ?

First, Mr. "Frost" must try to sing
To his harp's frozen wire,
A poor, untuned, discordant thing ;
A voiceless bird with broken wing,
A melancholy *lyre*.

However, I can pardon him,
If he repent in time,
(Before I tear him limb from limb,)
For "Frost" is but the synonyme
With cold and cheerless *rhyme*.

But for the rest, as "White" and "Hail,"
Who use so much mock feeling ;
Who talk so soft, and look so pale,

Who hold bad jokes up by the tail,
Until they set them squealing, —

I'll sit upon their window pane ;
And, when they're fast asleep,
I'll shake with all my might and main.
They shall not even doze again ;
All night my watch I'll keep.

I'm journeying to the northward now,
There to remain until December,
But I have made a solemn vow,
Which shall be kept ; and one, I trow,
Which they will long remember.

My footsteps shall approach so light,
Their wary ears in vain shall listen
And they shall cower with affright,

As, hurrying past them, in the night,
My white robes glisten !

My vengeance shall be sure as swift,
My purpose fixed, there 's no delaying.
From out my cloudy home once rift,
Before they can suspect my *drift*,
I 'll be among them *sleighing*.

TO BOSIO.

SOFTLY flows the limpid measure
Of the streamlet's voice so clear;
Wandering through mosaic meadows,
Freshening all it floweth near.

Here reflects it golden sunshine
From its bright, transparent breast;
Here, within some quiet eddy,
Woos the calm blue sky to rest.

Now with low, sad tone outmurmuring,
Like the chanting of a prayer
From the Fairies' dim cathedral,
Hid among the wild-flowers there, —

Whispering now faint, dream-like music,
From some choir far beyond,
Warbling forth the sweet *Te Deum*,
While the tiny priests respond.

Sparkling now, as on it rusheth
O'er the laughing, dimpling shoal ;
Winking to the merry sunshine,
Joying in its uncontrol ; —

Jumping o'er the polished pebbles,
Playfully the wavelets flow,
Waltzing with the water-lily
In the shady pool below.

Wheresoe'er the streamlet wandereth,
Beauty follows in its path;
And the emerald grass-way showeth
The sweet influence it hath;—

Giving joy, where'er it glideth,
Unto weary bird and flower;
Modestly, the while, unconscious
Of its unpretending power.

Thus in gladness ever floweth,
With its gush of tender tone,
Thy clear stream of song melodious,
Fraught with beauty all its own.

Now, as from the heart's glad fountain,
Comes a strain of joy and love;
Like the lark's pure lay outwelling
From some tinted cloud above;—

Now, as if the soul in sorrow
Breathed in song its earnest prayer ;
While the soft, delicious cadence
Seems to consecrate the air.

Fare thee well ! delightful minstrel,
Bless the power God hath given ;
This may be but the rehearsal
For thy ministry in heaven.

SONNET.—SUMMER RAIN.

Who hath not poetized thee, Summer Rain?
Both high and low, patrician and plebeian.
Then why not I take up the glad refrain,
And canonize thee with my humble
Pæan?
Not for the good thou doest to trees
and flowers,
Which scorching suns have of their bloom
bereft;

But that thou clean'st these filthy streets
ours,

Of what the Common Councilmen have
Productive too thine influence here, as we

'Mid rural vales. Soon as thou comest

Upsprings, at once, a crop of green
brellas!

Like mushrooms, sprouting out all
town.

Merry to me thy mad and muddy mutter
As thou goest gurgling through the grum
gutter.

SEPARATION.

THOU art lost to me for ever!

We must part, — whate'er the pain.
A blight hath touched my passion-flower:
It may not bloom again.

O'er the surface of the dial
Should there pass one summer cloud,
The moment, born in sunshine,
Lieth cold within its shroud.

Like that cloud upon the dial
Is a doubt across Love's way ;
He would give up all life's future
For that one lost sunny ray.

One shadow on the present,
In the chain one tiny break,
It will widen to infinity,
Like a circle on a lake.

O'er Hope's moonlit summer ocean,
Vainly wouldst thou look, once more
To see Love's frail bark returning :
Broken is his slender oar.

Hidden from him is that starbeam,
By whose ray, so sad and soft,
Seeing naught but joy before him,
He hath wandered forth so oft.

Echoes of remembered hours

Wander pensive through my soul;
As through shadowy vales in summer
Sighs the bell's funereal toll.

Thou art lost to me for ever!

We must part, — whate'er the pain.
A blight hath touched my passion-flower:
It will not bloom again.

If any one doubts, in these transcendental, air-navigating, spirit-knocking, spontaneous-table-moving, caloric-engine-making, perpetual-motion-discovering days, the existence of the Fairies, I mourn for his material for happiness.

For my own part, I confess the weakness. 'T is a delicious reality, lying upon the dewy grass of a summer's night, with my heart so full of moonlight as to leave no resting-place for the two-and-two-make-four-isms of our sordid planet, the certainty that I hear tiny voices, and listen to the hardly possible plashings of infinitesimal feet dancing upon the moist leaves. Or that I feel some indivisible current of air created by the swinging of some little fellow from a nodding wild-flower. To me, therefore, much of interest attaches to

THE FAIRY'S INVOCATION.

WHEN the bashful twilight wanders
Through the drowsy dale, —
When the breeze-kissed night-flower, waking,
Lifts her dewy veil, —
Come thou to our woodland dance!
Where the gold-moss spreading
Gently bends her velvet stock
To our lightsome treading.

Listen! thou down-weighed by care,
'Pressed by burden weary;
Holy lesson mayst thou learn
From a simple Fairy.
When thy shattered spirit faints,
Desolate and lonely;
When the future's clouded glass
Mirrors sorrows only; —

Come unto the silent wood !
Let the fresh air woo thee ;
In the cool, deep solitude,
God shall whisper to thee.
Words shall tremble on thy lips,
Long, long since forsaken.
Thy dark soul, from its eclipse,
Shall to light awaken!

Leave thy sordid thoughts behind:
All thy worldly lore
Is not worth one purer thought
From the days of yore.
Blissful memory shall be
Joy's dear satellite ;
Visions, which for years had flown,
Shall come back to-night.
Come! when timid twilight wanders
O'er the drowsy dale,

And the star-wooed night-flower, blushing,
Draws her dewy veil.

Thou shalt ken the simple truths
Which thy childhood cherished ;
Thou shalt dream of simple things,
World-despised, half perished.
Then thy spirit shall rejoice
O'er its broken chain,
And thy mother's holy voice
Sing to thee again.

A PROVERB AMENDED.

“NECESSITY ’s the mother of Invention”;—
 The proverb reads well, but lacks common
 sense.

Necessity may have the best intention,
 Yet all her throes conceive but impotence.
 The captive, in his dreams, may prate of bliss,
 The slave in chains may boast of happy hours,
 A fool beseech an iceberg for a kiss,
 A Laplander talk learnedly of flowers;

I combined, Laplander, captive, fool,
proach not the sublime absurdity,
ly for an idiot's Sunday school,
at need could bring forth aught but misery.
sity 's the father of despair!
devil's shadow o'er a world of care.

TO THE HONORABLE ——— ———.

IN PROOF OF MY APPRECIATION OF THE PATRIOTIC AND
DISINTERESTED MOTIVES WHICH PROMPTED HIS SLAN-
DER OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Poor, weak adventurer! Like the insect fly
Thy simple, suicidal course doth seem,
Doomed, for thy perilous attack, to die ;
While, calm and steady, still shines forth the
beam

Thou wouldst extinguish. From thy legal shelf,
With contrite spirit, take the penal code,
And pass a righteous judgment on thyself :
'Twill ease thy "conscience" of a heavy load.

Did fiery, fierce ambition lure thee on
To climb and occupy the eagle's nest?
By thee that eyrie never can be won;
Nor can thine arrows e'er disturb his rest.

As well might some vain-glorious straw essay
To check Niagara's resistless flow;
The stream, majestic, holds its mighty way;
The straw goes headlong to the scum below.

What couldst thou wish, expect, or hope to
gain,

By this so feeble yet malign attack?
The noble ship, which breasts the adverse main,
Marks not the weed which lies across her
track;—

But on she moveth, battling storm and tide,
Following the compass with her untired wing,

Nor heeds the barnacle which, at her side,
The drowning weed maliciously may flin

Go back to Education ! Get re-stored
With school-boy classics ; for thou may
with profit.

Rejoin that social clique, well named the *bor*
Whilst thou remainedst Secretary of it.

Keep thy frail shallop within hail from shor
Let honesty of purpose be thy plan ;
Study thy Bible ! go, and sin no more !
And " give the world assurance of a mar

A P R I L .

HERALD of fly the first!

Who, for a moment, wakes and flaps his
wings,

Then hurries back to dust,

As if he had affected marvellous things, —

April, all hail !

Ducks practise novel quacks

With German-sounding, awful variations,

And make Greek-looking tracks

In the soft mud ; with quizzical gyrations,
Shaking the tail.

Satire on the sex so fair !

It glads my heart to see thee once again.
Half hope, and half despair ;

Now a stray sunbeam, now a shower of
rain.

Give me thy cool, moist hand.

Old flirt, how piquant is thy oddity,
Despotic, and yet not malicious fellow, —
From morn till night no moral certainty,
From hour to hour, if sun-shade or um-
brella

Be in demand.

Amalgam curious,

Thy yearly frolic very soon begins ;
When exquisites look furious,
As your prime-minister addresses them (in
thins),
The cool sea-breeze.

School-girls to show their shapes

Doff the redoubtable, thick "Bay State"
shawl,

To titter in lace capes.

You draw at sight on Boreas for a squall,
When lo! or fat or lean, or short or tall,
Poor things! they wheeze.

April, precarious,

Your race absurd will very soon be run.
How uniform your pranks, and yet how vari-
ous!

Can't you afford a little extra sun?
Attempt it, pray!

We know your reign is short,
Sometimes, indeed, ridiculously so,
Often not much more than would fill a quart.
These antics we endure, because we know
What must come, *May*.

April! go on, go on!

Manage, in your own way, your own air
Smile half a minute and then frown;

And who the deuce d' you imagine can
For such stale fun?

Pardon! One thing I had forgotten; —

To beg that you would send old people
ing

(Who've dropped their flannel, and ad
cotton)

Of that unmitigated breezer,
Which turns, at once, a bright, love-m
morning

Into an overcoat-requiring sneezer.

I've done.

THE LOVER'S REVIEW.

ONE calm summer night, by a magical spell,
 I summoned around me, with manifold fears,
 From city and hamlet, from dingle and dell,
 The wildering Loves of my earlier years.

The lights and the shadows, alternate, which
 stole
 Through my feverish brain, the delicious
 alarm,

The hopes, and the fears, which invaded my soul,
As I anxiously watched the results of my
charm, —

Were vainly imagined. The miser, who dreams
Of those innocent hours, in boyhood's fresh
day,

When his heart but reflected the sunniest
beams,
And no sin-darkened cloud threw a shade
o'er his way, —

When, untrammelled by worldliness, happy
and free,

With no passion to calm, and no sorrow to
tine, —

Unfettered by gold, — a faint emblem may be
Of my exquisite joy with those young loves
of mine.

The west-wind was fanning the twilight, —

't was June ;

With their dewy lids closed, the young
flowers lay sleeping

In scented repose 'neath the light of the moon ;

While Cupid and I our sweet vigils were
keeping.

At length a low murmur of voices is heard,

Like the languishing air amid blossoming
trees,

Or the soft cooing notes of the Paradise-bird,

When her nest is disturbed by the wanton-
ing breeze.

In a phalanx of loveliness beaming they
come,

Arrayed in the garb of those halcyon
hours,

When the heart, half delirious, ventured to
 roam

Like a wandering bee through a garden of
 • flowers.

There were — pardon me, Cupid! I will not
 disclose :

'T would be treason to name them, — unjust
 to thy cause.

Let them rest, in their loveliness, “under the
 rose ”; —

Far be it from me to infringe on your laws.

They stayed but a moment, sweet May-morning
 friends!

Yes, one lingers yet, with a wreath on her
 brow

Of chastened and holy affection, which lends
 . The light of the Past to the shadows of Now.

visions of beauty ! how closely ye twine
and the reason of man, when the fancy
hath flown,
drills thrown out by the fond circling vine
cling to the tree, although withered and
lone !

Lyre Æolian, impassioned and fond,
gentle soever the impress may be,
kiss of the Zephyr will sighing respond,
when Zephyr hath wandered away to the
sea, —

my spirit responds where your presence
hath been ;
a breath of the past hath a magic control,
rattle glad memories again and again,
wake into music the Harp of the Soul !

SONNET.

I'm very fond of Music, — can endure
The rickety hand-organ's dismal moan, —
Can, smiling, see the ragged Troubadour
To grind some pretty simple thing I've known
And loved, in days irrevocably gone ;
But have a horror of your midnight "tooter,"
The wretch who wakes you from a happy dream
Of some sweet feminine, and leaves you
neuter,

Doubtful of all things, present, past, or future,
Changing your golden visions into pewter.
Roused from your sleep, you question if a
scream

From some poor div'l, wandering with a
view to ——

No matter what. This vile despotic rule
Stops me just here. A Sonnetteer 's a fool!

TO ———.

FOR HIS MALICIOUS, THOUGH RIDICULOUSLY H.
ATTACK UPON DANIEL WEBSTER.

VAIN Poet ! when thy halting Muse
Hath hobbled through her brief care
And come, at last, to be of use,
In more appropriate (*grocer*) sphere :

When thy blunt pen hath spattered for
All thy beclouded brain could utter;
When all thy inspirations live,
But as transparencies on butter ;—

When all which wittiest thou deem'st,
With thee, in nameless grave, shall rot,
And no one, save thy creditors,
Or starving wolf, shall find the spot ; —

The simplest hint, the tiniest word,
The Patriot to the world hath given,
Shall be, compared with aught of thine,
As brilliant as a star in heaven.

Selfish, thou canst appreciate not
Disinterestedness sublime,
Nor comprehend the arch of thought
Which overspans the stream of time.

LOVE IS THE LIGHTEST.

TO A LADY WITH A PICTURE REPRESENTING CUPID
THE SCALES OUTWEIGHED BY A BUTTERFLY.

O who so dull as need be told
That Love is light when weighed with
A fragment of a miser's dream
Will make poor Cupid kick the beam.

The breeze which with the summer sea
Dallies and flirts inconstantly,
And then flies laughing to the shore,
Leaving her pensive as before, —

The dew-drop, which, at twilight hour,
Makes love to the exhausted flower,
But falsely, with the next sun's ray,
In exhalation floats away,—

Are weightier,— nor so fickle quite,
As that capricious, wingèd sprite.
Doubtest thou, Lady? prithee weigh him,—
A butterfly will e'en betray him.

If you should capture him at last,
Take my advice, secure him fast:
I've known full many a luckless maid
Who lost him ere he could be weighed.

EPIGRAM.

No one believes the Commonwealth.

'T is plain the reason why, man ;
It speaks the truth by accident,
And not from any good intent,
Because its very life and health
Depend upon a Ly-man.

ART THOU READY?

DEATH cometh where he chooseth ;

Hath he not prescriptive right ?

To the scholar, as he museth

O'er his classic toil at night, —

Or to worn and weary labor,

Done by muscle, not by mind.

The rich man's gold, the poor man's prayer,

He giveth to the wind.

The prayer he may not stop to hear:

'T is not for Death to wait.

His "pale horse" pricketh up his ear,

And paweth at the gate!

The gold he cannot stoop to count:

Onward his march he keeps.

"What need?" says Death; "the sorrowing heir

Will count it, ere he sleeps."

To the proud and stately warrior

He shouteth, in the fight,

"Falchion, and dirk, and scimitar,

Each is my satellite!"

At the elbow of the statesman,

Like a statue, doth he stand,

Waiting for the latest proof-sheet,

Ready to pour out his sand.

"'T is my last triumphant effort !"

Says the statesman. Loud and clear,
(In advance) he heard the plaudits
Which Ambition loves to hear.

"'T is thy last triumphant effort !"

Echoed Death. The coming morn,
Shrouded in his glorious effort,
Is the dying statesman * borne !

Thus, where he wills, he goeth.

Unchallenged he may pass ;
He moweth down the sentinel,
And muttereth, " Flesh is grass ! "

Prompteth he sad, yet wholesome thought,
Wherever he may come ;

* Death of the Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords.

To him who ponders as he ought,
The warning reaches home.

“Be thou ready!” is his sermon,
To which life is but the text.

Art thou ready? Quick determine!
Thine may be the summons next!

D R E A M S .

" I grant that dreams are idle things,
Yet have I known a few
To which my faithful memory clings,
They were so warm and true."

CALL those not "idle things" which rise
Like stars when day is done,
And all life's dull realities
Are to oblivion gone ;
Which nestle in the heart of care,
And chime forgotten music there.

Memory's dear self is but a dream,
When she would fondly borrow
The darling thoughts of happier hours
To weave into her sorrow, —
Embalming thus life's hopes and fears,
The joys of youth, the woes of years.

Yet who would lose the flight sublime
Which oft to dreams is given ;
The sweet forgetfulness of time,
The stolen glimpse of heaven,
When the pure soul, unchained and free,
Converses with her destiny ?

Sweet as the moonlight's placid sleep
Upon the storm-tired ocean,
Or far-off music fitful heard,
Like waking joys in motion,

Is that delicious dream, which brings
To wearied man an angel's wings ;—

Which leads him back to earlier days,
With golden chain enwreathed with flowers;
While, through an atmosphere of tears,
The rainbow of that halcyon time,
With its bright promise, glows before him,
And hope and youth are bending o'er him !

The Autumn wind, which sadly grieves
O'er Summer's prostrate glories,
And sighs upon the dying leaves
Illuminated stories,
With ruthless hand, at midnight hour,
Doth desecrate young Summer's bower,—

Leaving her with dishevelled hair,
And russet mantle wet with showers,

To shiver, in the chilly air,
 Upon her bed of withered flowers,
Her sunny joy of yesterday,
A dream, a vision, past away.

'T is all a dream! from first to last,
 Earth, ocean, sky, wind, cloud, and :
The shadowy future, and the past,
 Alike mysterious are.
Who thinks to read it does but err:
Death, Death, is the interpreter!

TO ____.

IN a quaint book ("horresco referens!") I saw
The very last thing I was looking for.
The idea was this: none but a fool (since
Milton

His valuable ink the Sonnet spilt on)
Has condescended to waste brains and time
On just precisely fourteen lines of rhyme.
Now, were I *haughty-cultural* in my natur,
I'd pray that rot might seize such *common-*
tatur;

But as I write for neither fame nor pel:

I claim the right to criticize myself.

For all your sneering critics, small or b

I have respect as for the learned pig

Many a one, who through his stupi
whines,

Had wiser been to stop at the first *thirtee*

JEALOUSY.

ONE winter's eve, so doth this story go,
 (If true or false none save the Spinsters
 know,)

Three Spinsters, to beguile their loneliness,
 Sat down to read the history of "Queen
 Bess."

They ranted o'er poor Mary's grievous
 wrongs;

They snuffed the candle, and they
 jammed the tongs

Between the bars of the insensate grate,
To exhaust their superfluity of hate.
At last, becoming perfectly subdued,
They pardoned e'en the "soubriquet" of
"good,"
Sneered at her manly virtues, called her
"Bloomer,"
And really broached a vein of dried-up
humor,
Sat, like three vital parchments, side by side,
Laughing at their own wit until they
cried.
And thus they might, could, would, or
should have done,
But something suddenly disturbed their
fun.
The rash historian styled her "Virgin Queen"!
This roused anew their ire; this stirred
their spleen.

They had endured all but the final touch,
Had almost pardoned; but this was too much.
In an unguarded moment, they, forsooth,
Urged on by passion (at the expense of truth),
Swore each, "By those inseparable twins of
Siam!
"Queen Bess? No more a virgin was Queen
Bess than I am!"

THE WARNING.

BATTLE is waging! Sin is the foe.

Rests it with thee if thou win it or no:

Fight it thou must. Gird for the strife!

'T is humanity's portion, the errand of life

Bind on thine armor! Stand, and be true

Stand by the faithful though they be the few

Lay down thy fears when thou liftest thy sword

When thou art faltering, think of thy Lord

Doubt not! 'tis weakness. Hope! it is strength.

Pray! and thy foe thou shalt conquer at
length.

Follow thy soul! It shall lead thee aright, \\
From error, through darkness, to wisdom and
light!

Boldly meet trial! Count not the loss.

Think of thy Master, his sufferings, his cross;
Humbly proclaim the dictation of Faith;
Calmly await the decision of Death.

EGOTISM OF THE LETTER R.

I DWELL in the forest, deserted and lone,
Yet kings must allow me a part of th
throne.

My favor is courted ; for I have the means,
By mere absence, to change all their frien
into fiends !

Revolutions may come, and adversities low
On political states, still I 'm ever in pow
In the centre of earth, I inhabit the air ;
The leader in revels, am constant in pray

I'm never in sadness, though alway in sorrow;
No part of to-day, am one fourth of to-morrow;
In your frolics for aye, never mingle in joys;
In riots unceasing, retire from noise.

I dwell with romance, tho' I vanish from fiction;
No sage, yield my part to the prophet's prediction;
To rapture essential, I fly from delight;
And the dweller in darkness, ne'er habit with night.

Never known among plants, yet in each fragrant
flower;
Not an instant of time, at the close of each
hour;
For aye in your power, though out of your view,
Forming part of your pleasure and misery
too.

In the brook's tiny ripple, Niagara's roar, —
In the crest of the breaker that folds to the
shore ;
With the sweet serenade, and in discord's rude
jar,
The war-shouting clarion, the love-tuned
guitar.

In the sunrise of Life, in the darkness of Death ;
With the Summer's warm breeze, in the
Winter's chill breath ;
For ever in right, still as oft in the wrong ;
And though living in harmony, dying in song.

A P O T H E O S I S .

Thou model Statesman! sacrificing self
Upon the altar of thy country's good, —
Hating corruption, and despising pelf, —
Yet how misconstrued, how misunderstood!

A martyr to thy patriotic zeal,
“ Without desire for office,” or for spoils, —
Desiring nothing save thy country's weal,
“ Conscience ” alone encouraging thy toils.

Thy "personal wishes dreading to foreg
Thou view'st with horror that forensic
Which must disturb the quiet, even flow
Of "ideas cherished from thine e
life."

No viperous malignity is thine ;
No malice tinges aught thy lips impa
Sweet charity doth shed her ray divine
On every issue from thy noble heart.

They know thee not who think thou w
aspire,

With wild ambition's feverish wings, t
Thy spiritual longings bear thee higher
Than the base promptings of the pronc

Retiring, modest, motive none hast thou
Which to that "higher law" doth not

To whose dictation all alike must bow,
Each for himself the just interpreter!

Now "*serius in cælum redeas !*"

Freely translated, may the world unborn
View thee, as thou thyself dost view, the star
Which heraldeth Millennium's glorious
morn!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

IN eighteen hundred thirty-nine,
Great Britain came to draw a line
On our Northeastern border.
And drew it at so "fash" a rate,
We swore the compass was n't straight,
But sadly out of order.

Now Johnny never stopped to think
How very subtle was the link
'Twixt friendship and dissension.

He ordered out a hireling band,
Thinking to "squat" upon the land,
And 'stablish his pretension.

At this Old "Maine" a "posse" sent,
With legal views, and good intent,
Hinting, "We think you are wrong, Sir.
We'll therefore keep our bounds, d'ye see,
Until the higher 'powers that be'
Say where we do belong, Sir."

Then Johnny began to fret and fume,
Like a ten-million power-loom,
A little out of gearing;
Vowed by "Quebec and Waterloo"
(Not "Bunker Hill," that would 'nt do).
He ne'er would be dictated to,
Nor would he grant a hearing.

He took our Sheriff, head and tail,
And locked him up in Frederick jail,
To ruminate a little.
Swift as a flash! to light there spring,
Of war tools, almost everything,
Drums, tenor, bass, and kettle.

Fifers, who never fided before,
Fife, fife, until their lips are 'sore,
And then attempt to whistle.
E'en Patriotism goes so far,
That little boys scream out "huzza!"
And pigs begin to bristle!

Most furious resolutions pass,
That cannon, pewter, lead, and brass
Be scoured and put in order.
Words, tempest-stirred, begin to rise,

With something like a "D—n your eyes,
You can't chalk out our border!"

The Legislature of the State,
Convened, in feverish debate,
"Resolves it is invaded"!
The Sheriff's injuries to atone,
They must make captures three for one,
And them treat as him they did.

Johnny now turns his Red-coats out, —
Mars Hill is changed to a redoubt
In the "twinkling of your e'en."
Lord Pompous mounts his sodger cap,
Pretending that he longs to rap
The Yankees for the Queen.

But Yankee lads are bold and true!
"Backed up" by Yankee-doodle-doo,

They overflow with "gloria."

So to the border quick they went,
Shouting, "God save our President!
And the (?) take Victoria!"

When matters had advanced thus far,
And Asses still were braying war,
Old Common Sense, quite nettled,
Said, "Wait a wee, let's understand
The title to this bit of land;
Then, when that point is settled,

"If Britain's wrong, yet will not yield,
Gird on your arms, by flood and field,
As your sires have done before you.
Invincible shall be your might,
With freemen battling for the right,
And Freedom's banner o'er you!"

The whole thing seemed to flash at once
On all the world. The veriest dunce
Said Common Sense is right. "For
Until the wise ones have found out
What all this hubbub is about,
The De'il is there to fight for."

WAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS!

A SERENADE.

WAKE from thy slumbers! Music is stealing,
Plaintive and sad, 'mid the murmuring trees.
Wake! the sweet flowers of the night are un-
sealing

Their lips to the wooing breeze.

Love breathes in music:

List to the low Serenade!

Open thy lattice! The young moon has given
Her sorrowing smile to the world;
No cloud to o'ershadow her pathway in heaven,
Not a wave by the languid breeze curled.

Open thy lattice, Love!

Hark! 't is for thee, only thee!

Sleep, lady, sleep! May these votive numbers

Be to thy dreams as the dew to the rose;

May visions of Eden be inwoven with thy
slumbers,

And angels watch o'er thy repose.

Sleep, lady, sleep!

Hushed is the low Serenade!

The moon has gone down in the shadowy west;

The echo has died, like a wave on the shore.

O would I were music, to soothe thee to rest,

To have thus my influence sweetly confest!

But, alas! I must gaze and adore.

Lady, farewell!

Music may woo thee alone!

EPIGRAM.

TO A PAPER-MAKING FRIEND, WHO COMPLAINED OF THE
HIGH PRICE OF JUNK!

THE Spring is opening fresh and green,
The wild-bird carols in the air;
Yet what to thee the sylvan scene,
If junk, dear junk, be wanting there?

The frogs upon the river's edge,
The tortoise on the old tree's trunk,
Before they dive among the sedge,
Satirically murmur, "Junk!"

I mourn with thee, sincerely mourn,
My paper-making, junkless friend ;
Sure mortal man ne'er trod this earth
More worthy of a good rope's-end!

THE GORED HUNTER.

THE beautiful simplicity of the school of poetry which I have attempted respectfully to imitate in "The Gored Hunter," has often struck me forcibly, while undergoing the perusal of many of ——'s compositions. Who can resist, for instance, the stern, uncompromising integrity, and regard for truth, where the narrator, in his description of the person of the hunter (stanza second), says :

"I measured only with my eye,
And therefore am not *sure*"?

As the description of the hunter's dress and peculiar appearance proceeds, so plain and unimaginative is it, that a child may comprehend it as easily as he would a bowl of milk and water, or the last edition of ——.

This, I consider, should be the true standard of

poesy. Instead of floating on the wings of Fancy, in the region of rainbow and star, — holding transcendental interviews with “music, moonlight, love, and flowers,” the Muse should depend, for the interest she may awaken, upon the most common incidents of every-day life.

In lieu of dipping her pencil in the pollen of the wild-flower, and her pen in mountain-dew, she should select a quill from some matronly goose, and a bottle of writing-fluid from “Maynard and Noyes.” As an emblem (to aid her throes for inspiration), her fountain, the inkstand, should represent, not Petrarch’s demoralizing device, the sensual and soul-destroying Cupid, but a correct representation of a beefsteak and pancakes !

This latter emblem would exert manifold wholesome influences over the poet. In the first place, it would inevitably remind him of his mortal inevitability, by suggesting to him that he must eat to live, and therefore cannot be spiritual wholly.

Secondly, it is a practical *tableau*, suggestive of the agricultural interest and the enormous price of flour. In this way, indirectly, operating as a check upon his physical extravagance, and thus naturally enough controlling his mental profusion, by hinting

to him the propriety of economy in his ideas. To any one familiar with the physiological fact of the intimate connection between the mental and physical, this corollary must be perfectly satisfactory. -

THE HUNTER'S RESIDENCE.

WITHIN a mountain's rugged wilds
(As rugged as could be),
With heart just like a little child's,
A hunter lived, you see.

HIS STATURE.

This hunter-man was six feet high,
Perhaps an inch or more ; —
I measured only with my *eye*,
And therefore am not sure.

DETAIL OF FEATURES, ETC.

His face was long, and brown, and thin,
His eye was gray and small ;

I know not if he had a chin, —
He never shaved at all!

HIS ECCENTRICITY.

For why? This ancient hunter-man
In ignorance did grope ;
A razor he did never see,
He would have eaten soap !

HIS TOILET.

His cap was made of tiger's head
(The skin-side was within),
And just three inches from his nose
The tiger's teeth did grin.

MORE TOILET.

His coat, it was of buffalo :
The tail hung down behind,
Save when the breeze did furious blow,
Then flirted with the wind.

MORE TOILET.

His pants and waistcoat were of bear, —
This quaint eccentric stager, —
Astronomers have christened him
“Terrestrial *Ursa Major*”!

HIS COMPANION.

A hound he had, this hunter had,
A hound as white as snow;
Unto the woods, in company,
Full daily did they go.

HIS CAUTION.

Around his neck a bugle-horn
This hunter-man would fling,
And (lest he might the bugle lose)
He tied it with a string.

THE KIND OF STRING.

The string, it was a sinew strong
From out a killèd deer

Which he had shot. Can't say how long;
It may have been a year.

HIS SYSTEM.

His wont it was, as I have said,
Full daily out to go,
(With his white hound in company,)
For deer or buffalo.

DEVOTION TO THE CHASE.

The woods did echo every day
The bugle's thrilling sound,
The hound was ne'er without the man,
The man without the hound.

MORTALITY SUGGESTED.

But nature is a feeble thing,
However strong it be,
And e'en the stalworth hunter-man
To Death must bow the knee.

MORTALITY PROVED.

One day, as he a hunting was,
(I've said that twice before,)
A wounded buffalo, full mad,
Attacked, and did him gore.

HIS LONELY CONDITION.

No friendly voice to breathe a prayer, -
No fifty* on each eye, —
He wrapped him in his shroud of hair,
And laid him down to die.

THE MYSTERY.

What thoughts did agitate his breast,
As dying there he lay,
The hunter-man himself knew best,
And he did never say.

* A *transcendental* allusion to the extravagant custom placing half-dollars on the eyelids.

THE EXPLANATION.

When we assert he nothing said,
We mean no one did hear him:
'T was some time after he was dead,
Before a soul came near him.

MORAL COURAGE.

But this we know. The hunter took
His bugle from his side,
And, "clapping" it up to his mouth,
He blew it till he died.

THE GHOST.

Upon that anniversary,
(So saith his friend, McDougle,)
The spectre of the hunter-man
Doth come with hound and bugle!

And the desolate midnight woods are stirred,
as the awful chorus there is heard,
Of roaring bulls, and hunter's groans, — the
rattling of bleaching bones, —
And that unearthly, fearful sound, the howling
of a starving hound.

TO ———.

—————

LIFE is quite Gothic. Don't you think so,
Mary?

Particularly on a moonlight night, in June.
Objects, the most familiar, oddly vary
'Neath those pale beams. Like a wild harp,
in tune,
The heart goes dancing to its own mad measure,
And times flies by unreckoned. Who could
hear

The clock's dull warning, when the Siren,
Pleasure,

Was breathing 'dreamy nonsense in his ear?

I may be an exception to the rule

Which governs careful plodders, but I
could n't

(Proving myself a sentimental fool).

Thus Cupid took the reins, as reason would
n't.

Delicious theme! one might write years upon it,
But fourteen lines just constitute a sonnet.

TO MY STEEL PEN.

My unassuming "Perryan,"

I venerate thee much ;

So prompt art thou at my command,

So firm and steady in the hand,

Yet pliant to the touch.

Still more I prize thee, that, although

A constant service lending,

Thou toilest on from day to day,

And, seize upon thee when I may,
Thou ne'er requirest mending.

"Old fogie clerks" awhile may sneer,
Calling thee innovation;
Yet naught they say can harm thy weapon
Armed to the teeth, with points of steel
Thou guard'st thy reputation!

Quill-drivers still may scoff at thee:
A fig for their abuse!
Tell them, though "Goosey's" noisy crew
Once saved Imperial Rome from sack
Greater, "thou sav'st the goose"!

Be thou to me a friend, in need;
A monitor and guide,
When thought would roam without control.

And barter dignity of soul
For vanity and pride.

If I should ever be induced,
To hold thee such a course,
Seize thou my traitorous hand, and shake it;
Blot every letter, as I make it;
Keep hinting me until I take it;
But, check me, e'en by force!

STARS AND FLOWERS.

STARS, which in the voiceless air
Twinkle brightly !
While this speck of toil and care
Dreameth, nightly,
Glowing messengers are ye of love,
Beacon-fires, to invoke our gaze above !

Stars! they tell me ye are worlds :
Is it true ?

Does this sordid spot appear
Luminous to you ?
Do you watch thus pensively for our birth in
heaven ?
Do we seem to you to twinkle every Summer's
even ?

Tell us, gentle Star! Reveal
What our souls would know :
We have need of holier influence
Here below.
Solve the mystery : we should be more angelic
far,
Couldst thou prove it to be true, gentle Star!

Flowers, of thousand varied dyes,
Delicately dight,
Wherein the Queen Fairy lies
Through the dewy night, —

Each a gorgeous paradise for the bee,
And the phantom humming-bird's treasury,—

Flowers, to me how oft ye seem
 (Fancy blended)
Fragments of a seraph's dream,
 Heaven-descended ;
Painted thoughts from spheres unknown, never
 spoken ;
Fragrant apotheoses of young hearts broken.

Stars ! ye have been thought, by some, .
 Angel's eyes,
Gazing on their earthly home
 From the skies.
Stay ! and tremble where ye are, in those
 brilliant bowers :
Pale would grow your purer fires in this world
 of ours.

Stars! unnumbered, numberless,
Shining brightly now ;
Beautiful as when ye first
Sparkled on Night's brow ;
Moving on, in majesty, through the ceaseless
years,
Circling to the chime harmonious of the
spheres ;—

Flowers! hiding in the untrodden wood,
Or flaunting in saloon ;
Sleeping 'neath a gilded tent,
Or smiled on by the moon ;
Precious, if ye bloom and fade on the far hill-
side,
Or upon the silken tress of the blushing bride ;—

None can comprehend the whole
Of your meaning.

No ! the most inspired soul
Is but gleaning.
Star! in the night-air blooming; Flower!
shining in the sod ; —
Ye are poetic magnets, ever drawing us to
God!

SONNET TO ———.

A RESPONSE TO "AIRS FROM PANDEMONIUM"; WHICH
WAS A REPLY TO MY "SONNET TO THE DIV'L."

DEAR ——— 't was d—sh kind of you
To act as Satan's private secretary.
So "brusque," and promptly, you re-
sponded too,
You must be intimate ;— we may add
very.
Much do we fear, judging by these revealings,
That, actuated by the best intention,
Infernally we 've trifled with your feelings.

Pardon! we crave. And here would
proudly mention,
Should Congress need an Embassy to \bar{Q}
Ten thousand friends would gladly recom-
mend you.
No one could represent us there so well!
They would rejoice to see, as we to
send you.
If you should go, as bearer of despatches,
Tell Lucifer we're almost out of matches!

THE FIRST FLY,—AND THE MORAL.

Good morrow, harbinger of Spring!

Why need you keep up such a strumming?
 You'd better fold your shivering wing,
 And stop that hypocritic humming.

You'll suffer many a cold day yet,
 When April clouds the sun have hidden.
 Your eyes look dull, your feet are wet;
 Go back! and sleep till you are bidden.

There 's not a fly, save you, has dared
To peep from out his hiding-place ;
And we could very well have spared
Your solemn phiz and chilly grace.

Poor thing! it makes me sad to see
You thus each ray of sunshine seizing.
Rubbing your hands, as if in glee,
Forgetting that I heard you sneezing.

Courage, my friend ! Regret were vain.
Philosophize, until it 's warmer,
And thus the coming year may gain
A wholesome lesson from the former.

When, standing round the glass's brink,
Your jolly Summer friends you see,
How cheap you 'll feel whene'er they drink
" The Spring of eighteen fifty-three ! "

MORAL.

There's many a man, like that poor fly,
Whose whole existence has been cursed
By that same foolish vanity,
A mad ambition to be first.

THE LOVER TO HIS BOUQUET.

'T is said that flowers can talk as well
As lovers can, or better ; —
That Flora makes each scented bell
To represent a letter.

Then go, thou blest interpreter !
Speak for me, bright " bouquet,"
And whisper low in Mary's ear
On this her natal day.

Speed on your happy embassy,
 Freighted with precious lore.
On each of you is Cupid's seal;
 Fly, sweet Chargés d'Amour!

Tell her the love I fain would tell;
 Bless her for those stolen hours;
And pray her not to break the spell
 Which binds us now, sweet flowers.

Oh! when she folds you to her breast,
 Be redolent of me;
Lightly upon that Eden rest,
 As starlight on the sea.

Twine ye amid her dark brown hair,
 Clasp ye those silken tresses;
Ye cannot make her brow more fair,
 With your gay summer dresses.

Mingle, with hers, your scented sighs, —
Wreath ye her dreams by night ;
Or wake her with a soft surprise.
Haste, Love's pure satellite !

Breathe low the thought I fain would tell ;
Bless her for those stolen hours :
And pray her not to break the spell
Which binds us now, sweet flowers !

GENTLY! GENTLY!

GENTLY! gently! Shouldst thou see
 Something which disturbeth thee,
 Treat it not disdainfully!
 Thou mayst have misunderstood.
 With thine own unhappy mood,
 That thou seest may be imbued.
 Gently! gently!

Gently! gently! Never fear.
 What though discord shock thine ear:

'T is to be expected here.
In thy soul a Harp doth lie,
Fraught with Heaven's own melody:
Try its soothing harmony.
Gently ! gently !

Gently ! gently ! To thy taste
Much shall seem impure, unchaste ;
Yet determine not in haste.
Oft the palate may be crude
And in fault, and not the food.
Thy decision may be rude.
Gently ! gently !

L I N E S

ON BRACKETT'S GROUP, "THE SHIPWRECKED MOTHER AND
CHILD."

STILL faithful to thy trust!

Still clinging, with that fond, undying love,
To the frail dust

Consigned thee from above!

The mighty Spirit of the Gale

Bade navies shattered lie ;

Yet severed not those links so frail,

Broke not that silken tie.

Closer, and closer, press that lifeless form
To thy cold, pulseless heart!
Vainly would strive the elemental storm
That golden chain to part.

Mother! — the mightiness of that soft name
No words express;
The ocean could not quench that holy flame
Of lambent tenderness.

“God, to the gentle lamb,
The wind doth temper in sweet harmony”;
And sure I am
Angels are watching for thy child and thee!

Beautiful emblem! how dost thou control
(As 't were a human picture there)
The holiest emotions of the soul!
Inspired, marble prayer!

WHAT'S FAME?

UPON Cunaxa's silent field,
 Broken, the war-car lies ;
 And swinging from its carved wheel,
 Regardless of the scythe of steel,
 The spider doth his web unreel
 Beneath the quiet skies.

Pulseless is now that countless host,
 Which reaped Death's harvest-plain.

Their splendor is a doubtful boast,—
A lighthouse on a desert coast;
The heroes are but phantoms, tost
Upon the historic main.

As something mythical we read,
Upon the dusky page,
Of lofty thought, and daring deeds,—
Of armor proof, and barbed steeds,—
And trophies, now but faded weeds
Of the Homeric age!

Thus, every coming age shall deem
The records of the past
But leaves from an enthusiast's dream,
So insignificant shall seem
Each tiny thought, each puny scheme,
Once deemed so vast!

E'en now, in visions, we may see
Strange people stand,
(Not worshipping, as worship we,
Mere pioneers in Liberty,
But more exalted and more free,)
Chanting some new philosophy,
To them more grand !

ARE YOU A "CONNOISSEUR" IN LOVE?

STROLLING one Summer's afternoon,
 ('T was sultry rather,)
 A sweet, voluptuous day in June,
 Young rose-bud weather; —

Alone? O no! half fainting, on my arm
 Leant a fair vision.
 I said, not meaning any harm,
 This is Elysian!

Alluding to the Pastoral, of course, —

Flower, cloud, and sky, —

And to the river sparkling by.

My words had in them no peculiar force ;

Why then that sigh ?

'T was evident a mystery of life

Had crossed my way.

What right had I to dream of that word, Wife?

What could I say?

We loitered by that river's wooded shore,

('T was wooded then,)

'T will wear the Eden semblance which it wore,

Never again!

Knew we not what was said, our thought

revealing ;

Crept over me a numbness.

My voice deserted me. Then came a feeling
Of dreamy dumbness.

Spoke we not. Understood we still the more.
Without advice,
We launched our bark, from that romantic
shore,
For Paradise !

And here we are ! Nor look we with regret
Back to those hours.
Together talk we, of that greenwood yet,
Still scent we those wild-flowers.

THE CHALLENGE.

Would you your love with mine compare?

I could write sonnets by the ream,
To prove to you how much more fair
Is the dear idol of my dream!

Her dark hair shades a brow all light ;
Her voice is like a saint's guitar ;
Her step is free as mountain sprite ;
Her eye is soft as twilight star !

Were I a bee, no scented flower
 Could tempt me from her rosy lip.
Through each intoxicating hour,
 My feast ambrosial would I sip.

O, were I but that "Satin Basque"!
 I'd clasp her tightly all the day;
No other boon my heart would ask,
 Unless — I mean — that is to say, —

Her heart o'erflows with tenderness;
 Her soul, with sentiment and song;
Her laugh is like a wild-bird's note,
 Echoing the leafy woods among.

Compare not, then, your love with mine;
 My Muse has an exhaustless theme.
Beauty and Wit and Song combine
 To form the idol of my dream!

A VALENTINE.

THIS Valentine, selected from a number of the same genus, is published at the earnest request of a committee of little counsellors, who have been unceremoniously peeping into my loose papers.

I feel assured that my little fairy friend, to whom it is addressed, will pardon the doubtful immortality with which she is invested by my (hitherto unknown) Muse, as she is so certain of a saintly immortality in a higher and a purer sphere than this.

TO LITTLE MADDIE.

My pale, pure, chaste anemone,
Unveil those soft, dark eyes!

I fain would dream of Paradise,
And Eden's moonlit skies.

You cannot read, sweet Valentine,
You cannot even speak;
Your loving mother's soothing words
To your tiny ears are Greek.

But she 'll read it you, Maddie,
While you look up, and crow;
Which means you understand it all;
Dear Cupid told me so.

Send back some little sign, darling,
If nothing but " Ah goo !"
'T will keep my heart from wandering
Away from love and you.

Should Mamma, with love so wary,
Ask, " Who dare to send you this ?"

Why, of course, it was a fairy,
And he sealed it with a kiss.

I saw him when he penned it,
With a moonbeam dipped in dew;
I but copied it, and send it,
As his Valentine, to you.

R E V E R I E S .

THERE are hours, delicious hours,
When this world doth seem
Like a fairy isle of flowers
Floating in a dream ;
When life's shadow, and its tear,
Seem, like morning mist,
Heavenward to disappear,
By the sunbeam kissed.

We hear joyous, gladsome voices
 Echoing all day long ;
 And the wildered sense rejoices
 In their happy song.
 Time's sad reapers, one by one,
 With their emblems hoary,
 Whisper, as each passes on,
 Some romantic story.

Words are senseless then. The Muse,
 Wrapt in deep devotion,
 Her poetic power doth lose
 In her wild emotion.
 Thoughts arise too clear for words,
 To the spirit given.
 Music breathes, whose sister chords
 Have their place in heaven.

There 's a language holier far
Than was ever spoken,
When the rays from some pure star,
Through the leaves in-broken,
Tell us of that fairer clime
Past the blue depth o'er us,
Where the flower-wreathed wheels of Time
Move to angel chorus !

Come to me, sweet reveries !
Come, at day's decline,
When all sordid feeling sleeps
In this heart of mine.
Let the wings of your impressions
Fan the soul's repose,
As the west wind cools and freshens
The exhausted rose.

"GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH!"

No. II.

THE half-grown lawyer, with his mind as green
As that big satchel, borne each weary day
O'er dusty pavement, — oftentimes, I ween,
Containing luncheon purchased on the way;
(More easy of digestion, to the swain,
Of mental food or physical, the latter;
His stomach is more active than his brain,
The use of one makes leaner, 't other
fatter;) —

The half-grown lawyer, with his thoughts as
crude,

As rough and corky, as a turnip raw,
Doth prate, in awful majesty of mood,
About the length and breadth and depth of
law.

"Doubteth the ruling of the learned judge," —

"Taketh exception to the power of court," —
Meets a grave question with a Free Soil
"Fudge!"

And boldly says, "Commissioners are
bought!"

Not yet content, he wanders forth amain,

A roving maniac; innocent and weak,
Too frail and harmless to require a chain,
Of would-be terribles a monstrous freak!

Makes any statements, heedless of the fact, —
Strutting and fretting like a jealous rooster; —

Defends himself before he is attacked,
And all to astonish the quiet town of Worcester!
Ignores to-day what yesterday he said,
(For smouldering now are all his brimstone
fires,)
Swearing, by all the hair upon his head,
"That the reporters are a pack of liars!"
From such weak slanderers, crazy or in health,
It needs no "God" to save the Commonwealth!

I DREAMED THAT I WAS YOUNG AGAIN!

I DREAMED that I was young again!

O blissful dream! The world before me!
Once more to tread youth's violet plain,
"Cupid" and "Psyche" fluttering o'er me!
Love led me to his tempting bowers,
And, pointing with his arrow back,
Through smiles and tears, and withered
flowers,
Which overarched life's trodden track,
Says, "Whisper me what you will do, —
Your journey bright has just begun;

Shall you the selfsame course pursue ?

Will your heart beat as it hath done ?”

Then (with a confidential “ Harry!

I think I’ve heard you had a wife ?”)

He says, “ Confess now, would you marry,

Could you live o’er again your life ?”

Assuming now a look demure,

He feigned to be serenely thinking

(Although I heard him laugh, I ’m sure,

And once or twice I caught him winking.)

He bade me follow to a fount,

Wherein was silver water shining,

Near which, upon a mossy mount,

Myriads of beauties lay reclining.

When, lo ! as in a mirror bright,

Upon that fount’s clear surface shone,

The ghosts, in robes of stainless white,
Of my flirtations. Forty-one!

"Be quick!" says Love, "I may not stay
While logically you determine.
I've many calls to make to-day;
You 're but to answer 'yea' or 'nay,'
I wait no prosy sermon."

I trembled. In succession passed —
O sweet review! — each lovely face,
And still the loveliest the last;
All wore that unpretending grace
Of earlyhood. So brightly gleamed
Visions of darlings past away,
That, by some fairy wand, I seemed
Transformed into a live bouquet!

O, who could long continue sane,
With such a witching pageantry

Dancing the " Redowa " in his brain !

Alas ! it proved too much for me.

Remembering that Cupid waited,

I stole a glance at every one,

Stammered, and blushed, and hesitated.

" Dear Love ! " said I. Echo, " He 's gone ! "

Then from those angels, at the font,

Came such provoking peals of laughter,

And merry shouts, depend upon 't,

I 'll never dream of youth hereafter.

THE SEWING-BIRD TO HIS TYRANT.

WORK away! work away!

Never ceasing, never idle;

Are you working, lady gay,

For some fairy's gaudy bridal?

I delight to see you work,

And would never more complain,

But for that confounded jerk, —

Heavens! there it comes again!

Here I sit, from day to day,
With my useless wings outspread,
Holding your embroidery,
Only wishing I were dead.

Can't you leave your task awhile?
Toil will then be all the sweeter.
Look up! long enough to smile;
There 's a dear, bewitching creetur!

I should like to sing to you,
But of course I am not able,
Fastened, by this horrid screw,
To your little table.

Should I try a song to sing,
It might pass for Greek or Latin.
Would you think of warbling
When your mouth was stuffed with satin?

Cruel tyrant! work away!

Never heed your bird's complaint.

What care you, my lady gay,

Though I pine, and droop, and faint.

Not a drop of dew or food, —

Not a single moment's rest, —

In one place for ever screwed,

Am I not unblest?

Prithee, leave your task awhile!

Toil will then be far the sweeter.

Look up! long enough to smile;

There 's a dear — despotic creetur!

PROGRESS.—A VISION.

WE sometimes have queer visions. A quaint
form

Came to me in my sleep; and questioned
thus :—

“ Know’st thou the meaning of a cycle? ’T is

A method in one course continued on,
Until the selfsame course again begins.”

A quiet revolution, creeping up
So silently, with noiseless, dainty steps,
That it o’ertakes us ere we are aware.

In fashion's fripperies, literature, and art,
It manifests itself. What seemed to you,
A few short by-gone years, grotesque, and
"gauche," —

The height of literary Quakerdom, —
Shall be the commonly accepted style.

The time is coming, — nay, already come! —
When genius dare not lisp in common sense;
When mental pickaxes shall be required,
To dig from its obscurity the thought

Most simple. When the wildest German
"myth"

(Ghost of a night of boisterous revelry)

Shall seem a fact beside our modern
"myths"!

The author's sole endeavor then must be

To veil the sense, by shuffling the words
Into chaotic masses, (as we give
Children a box of ill-assorted blocks,

Without a map, bidding them build a house!)
Presenting a kaleidoscope of thoughts,

Twined in the most unreadable of shapes ;
So that the reader who may comprehend

Fairly may boast that he is author too.
Its mystic influence shall reach the schools,
Where now the child says, "Two and two
make four."

He will not say that two and two make four,
But thus : "Two units, junctually combined,
With combined units junctually, other two,

In multiple embrace closely conjunct,
Cojunctly form, in ébrace multiple,
A double duplex, — or a four times one!"
"Horrors!" said I, "if that's your march of
mind,

Genius may lead the van. I'll stay behind!"
I woke. My youngest boy was asking me
Some questions in the Double Rule of Three!

SONNET.—TO ZEPHYRUS.

WEST-WIND, — the tips of whose soft wings
aerial

Languidly fan the drowsy twilight sea,
Until, awaking from its dream imperial,
Dimpling, it breaks into an ecstasy
Of sparkling joy,—forth from thine azure
chamber,

Lighted by Hesperus, at eve thou wingest,
And, throwing over thee thy veil of amber,

Love's language to the waking Wood-
Nymphs singest.

Thy lambent pinions, amorous and free,
Clasp the slight zone of the unblushing lass,
Or brush her dewy lip. All welcome thee.
The modest wild-flower hiding in the grass,
The way-side rose, and the proud forest-tree,
Exhale sweet benisons whene'er you pass.

THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.

TWILIGHT nestles in Paradise. Young stars
In the blue depth are glistening. Fragrant
flowers,
Which through the rosy day had bent them
down
'Neath the warm glances of the ardent sun,
Retiring, modest, from his eager gaze,
Languidly rouse; wooed by the cool, moist
breath

Of Zephyrus. The tops of the tall trees
Still hold the memory of receding light;
While the fair landscape mellows into shade.
Twilight in Eden! in its perfectness,
Inclosing Nature in a sainted dream,
Ere the transgression dark had intervened,
'Twixt man and immortality on earth.
Forth from her bower luxurious, beauteous
Eve,
Chaste, uncontaminate, as when the smile
Of God first charmed her into beauty, roved
Among those gardens of perennial bloom,
Inhaling their sweet being. Delicate,
As holiest breath from new-created angel, came
The whisper of the gentle wind to her.
How fair earth must have been! How passing
fair,
Trode by seraphic natures only! As she
roved,

She heard low murmurings; delicious tones,
Inwoven with the soft, voluptuous breeze;
Filling her soul with unknown ecstasy.
Entranced, she listened. Still, out-murmuring
low,
Came wafted to her, on the scented air,
Those sounds mysterious. 'T was a little band
Of angels, uttering their evening psalm, —
Their twilight orison. Then questioned Eve,
Of her pure soul, if the same power were
given
To her as to those angels whispering there?
Lifting her untried voice, to imitate
Those heavenly strains, out-flowed in song,
Echoing amid those starlit bowers, the first
Delicious tones of new-born Harmony.
Then knelt she down; and, while the tears
of joy
Still sparkled on her soft, transparent lid,

Like dew upon the lily of the vale,
Her soul, responding to this new delight,
In strain of adoration chanted forth
The sweet *Te Deum* of her gratitude.

“ERIN GO BRAGH!”

MELODRAMATIC.

BESIDE a pile of dust and chips,
 The sleeping sawyer lay;
 His pipe still clinging to his lips,
 That short brown pipe of clay;—

His shirt unbuttoned at the throat,
 His hat drawn o’er his eyes;
 The greasy pocket of his coat
 McAdamized with flies.

See you that mouth's convulsive twitch?

St. Vitus sends a smile!

He dhrames he 's nestling in a ditch,

In Imerald's swate isle.

He dhrames he 's wid his mother,

In the swale below the rig;

Wid one arr'm around his brother,

And one around the pig!

O, wake him not! Let him enjoy

That vision pure and sweet.

The soft, black mud of childhood

Is clinging to his feet!

He sees all he left, at parting,

(With some twelve or fifteen more,)

Scrabbling for the cold “purtatis”

On the dear old, nasty floor; —

Sees his father, lenient Lictor,
Quietly enjoy the sight;
And applaud the laurelled victor
In the vegetable fight!

• • • • •
Now he lays about him gayly,
Battling with the yielding air,
Whacking with ideal shillelagh
Many a skull at rustic fair.

Now he takes a short vacation;—
Let the fancied conqueror rest!
See the well-earned perspiration
Trickle down his heaving breast!

Sudden starting, now you see'm stir;
Wakes he! for upon the road,
Shouts the rough, remorseless teamster,
"Paddy! here's another load!"

• • • •
Harder now the work before him ; —

Memory sad is working too :

Erin's sky is arching o'er him

With its soft, transparent blue ; —

Voices sweet as flowing waters,

Though untutored by the school,

Greetings warm from those wild daughters

Never taught to love by rule.

Trembles in his eye a tear-drop ; —

Man and soul have met in strife.

To the cold world 't is a mere drop, —

'T is to him a prayer of life !

Such the doom of dreamings earthful ;

When most bright to be o'ercast ;

Grave or gay, sedate or mirthful,

End in dust and tears at last.

SONNET. — THOUGHT.

ECHO of Silence! whose responsive power
All can appreciate, and yet none control;
Whose coming consecrates the lonely hour,
Making a Sabbath of the pensive soul; —
Voice of the Spirit! at whose mild decree,
From mental chambers rousing the ideal,
The sentient wanders through infinity,
Divested of the sordid and the real; —
Mysterious gift! to whose vast power we owe

All of life's essence ; unto whom is given
To lift us from our instincts here below,
And sublimate us for our flight to heaven ; —
My mind out-lead from unreflecting night,
To thy pure sphere of intellectual light !

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

A HAPPY morn to thee ! I know
 Thou canst not comprehend
 This benison I send to thee,
 My joyous little friend !
 Yet my fond heart to thee would speak
 The impulse which it feels,
 For Time has now another year
 Entangled in his wheels.

Your tiny feet have just essayed
 A self-dependent walk,
 And mother says that you have made
 Your first attempt at talk.
 What care we, though the tempest blow,
 Or winter's mantle fall ?
 Thy smile is mightier than the blast, —
 'T is summer in our hall !

Yet there intrudeth on my joy
 A shadow even now ;
 Death claims thee, darling, as his own.
 Beneath that sunny brow,
 By Heaven's kindly veil concealed,
 Sleeps thy mysterious fate :
 Through God's great mercy unrevealed,
 Or life were desolate.

Two of life's fleeting years, dear girl,

Two of thy years, have flown ;

And rapidly, though silently,

Another floweth on.

On ! rapidly, though silently,

Each coming year shall pass,

Till thou art forced to mark, as I,

The ebbings of the glass.

My darling February Rose !

Lifting thy fragile head

Above the winter's storms and snows,

While other flowers lie dead, —

God keep thee in thine innocence !

When thy last year has flown,

May the recording angel breathe

Thy name before His throne.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

INCONSTANT Luna! pale night-walker! whence
is,
Concerning thee, this sentimental bluster?
Thou light-bestower under false pretences!
The dull earth polishing with borrowed lustre;
Nocturnal gambler! fortune's fickle daughter!
Hater of sunshine! 'luminated owl!
Reduced, at intervals, to thy last quarter,
For ever doomed with Erebus to prowl!

Dyspeptic poets call thee Lover's lamp,
Thy small thin crescent Cupid's golden bark ;
I here baptize thee Lantern of the Scamp !
Who waits, like thee, for evening shadows dark,
Stealthily creepeth through the silent night,
And sneaketh home at the approach of light !

THE TRUE CREED.

LET your life be sordid, real;
Count your loftier thoughts as dreams;
Listen not to the ideal;
Go for 't is, and not for seems.

Stoop not on your march sublime,
The wild-flower to cull, which springs
In the dusty road of Time;
Scorn such sentimental things!

O'er the masses tramp and travel ;
To your human nature yield ;
Scruples are but sand and gravel,
Choking up ambition's field. .

Thus advancing, head erect,
Let your mission be to forage ;
If you 're very circumspect,
You may steal your neighbor's porridge.

Let your motto be " Suspicion " !
Lacking this, all things are lacked.
Honesty is mere tradition,
Number one the only fact.

Retrospection leave behind ;
Thank the world for what it is.
Regrets but your freedom bind ;
They are self-made miseries.

Feeling must be petrified ;
Heart must be inclosed in tin ;
Mammon must be glorified,
Conscience hammered very thin.

Cheat! the six days of the week ;
"Settle up," one day in seven ;
Should you hear your axles squeak,
Grease with hypocritic leaven.

Never shirk a contribution ;
Take a new bill, which will rattle :
Very little absolution
Arms you to renew the battle.

Do it! lest the warden carp :
Recollect there 's but one Sunday
In the week, and if you 're sharp,
You can "make it up" on Monday.

With your bank-book for your pope,
For your ritual the stocks,
Undisturbed shall be your hope;
It is founded upon "rocks"! —

A THOUGHT OR TWO.

As thirsty travellers, let us stoop and drink
 Refreshing draught from Nature's road-side
 lymph,
 With varied flowers springing at the brink ;
 Blessing, believingly, the unseen Nymph,

 Whose mystic wand, by God's direction, guides
 The stream transparent thro' its devious flow,
 From the pure fountain, on the mountain-sides,
 Into its vase of emerald below.

'T is pleasant, thus along life's way-side resting,

Our dusty banner for a moment furled,
To listen to the inner voice protesting
Against the faults and follies of the world.

Useful it is to stop our bark a moment,
Shaking the water from the dripping oar;
And, noiseless drifting, listen to the comment
Of worldlings working on the busy shore.

We shall be purer when we thus have hearkened
Unto their senseless strivings. Then the soul
Lighteth her lamp in chambers cold and
darkened ;

Then dare we question of the earth control.

Then shall we turn the streamlet from the mill,
Whose ceaseless din doth weary and annoy us ;

Bidding its stony, gritty pulse be still,
While the freed stream goes on its mission
joyous.

Like to a blessed revelation flowing,
The unprisoned stream shall greet the grateful
banks,
Reviving all within its influence growing,
Which, waking, nod, and wave their scented
thanks.

If he who makes one blade of grass to grow,
Which grew not else, not all in vain hath striven,
O happier he who, in this vale of woe,
Hath nurtured flowers which only bloom in
heaven.

"I STILL LIVE!"

"I STILL live!" Let the worldling, invidious,
interpret

Those words of the Statesman, and warp as
he will ;

Let him question the motive, and carp at the
meaning,

The same innate beauty investeth them still.

How simple their meaning when fairly con-
sidered,

How touching and tender, how apt to the time !

To those who were lingering mournfully near
him

Their very simplicity stamps them sublime !

No hope for this earth to those words is imputed,
No wish ever more life's dull march to resume ;
His labors are finished, his pilgrimage over ;
No dread of the future, no fear of the tomb.

How sadly they tolled on the ear of the listener !
How gently they spoke of the earnest, deep love,
Which cherished the dear ones of earth while
he lingered,
Yet looked to a holier reunion above !

No vision is here of unsated ambition,
Which questions of fate the control to the last ;
No wish the arena of life to re-enter ;
But this prayerful idea, ere the spirit had past.

"I still live!" God hath spared me once more
in his mercy,
To take a farewell of earth's vanishing things;
To grasp once again the warm hands of my
kindred,
Ere the angel of death folds me under his
wings.

"I still live"! God be thanked for his manifold
bounties!
"The cattle and sheep, drive them up to the
door";*
I would take one last look at their innocent
faces,
Would list to their lowing and bleating once
more.

* One of the last requests of the late Daniel Webster.

I see, for the last time, God's smile in the
sunshine ;

His warning I hear in the Autumn wind's
moan.

My Summer is over, my harvest is ready ;
The cold Earth is silently waiting her own.

" I still live ! " Let the worldling, invidious,
interpret

Those words of the Statesman, and warp as
he will ;

Let him question the motive, and carp at the
meaning,

The same innate beauty investeth them still.

. V A L E .

Good by! my frail, ideal craft,
Unfurl and trim your sail!
Be grateful for the Summer breeze, —
Be ready for the gale!

Farewell! farewell! the anchor's weighed;
I've launched you from the shore,
And from my cozy fireside nook,
Shall watch your voyage o'er

The ocean of your doubtful fate.
For Pilot charter Hope !
There 's no insurance on your freight,
Nor on the tiniest rope.

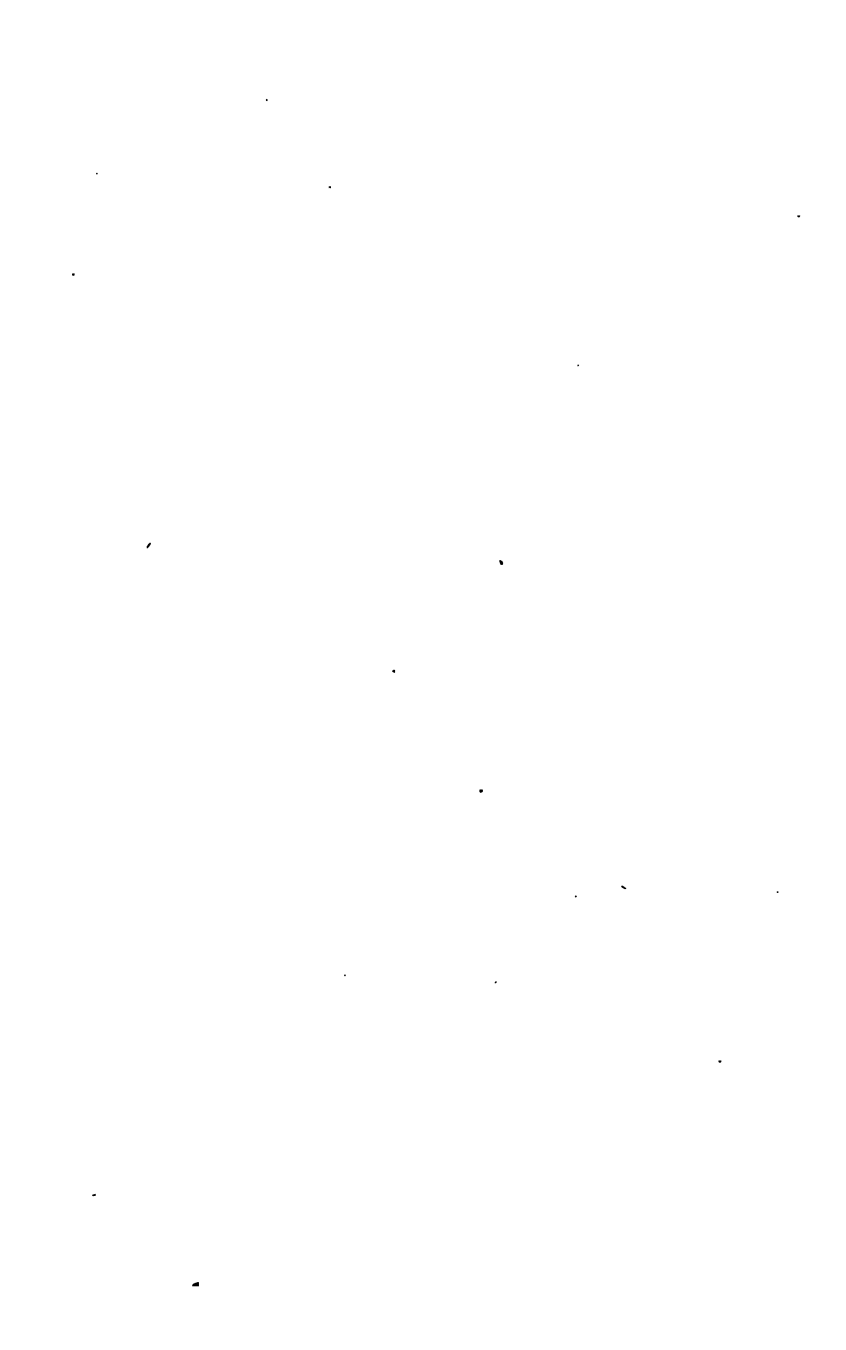
Your first-mate, Courage, stout and stanch,
Will prove as true as steel!
He stood godfather at the launch,
And he baptized the keel !

Trust in him. When the sky 's o'ercast,
When fainting spirits fail,
He 'll " nail your colors to the mast,"
Greeting the adverse gale !

Rest on him with a firm belief,
When storm and tempest frown.
You have no heavy sails to reef,
And you 're too light to drown.

Then deprecate no pirate's lance,
Sail boldly from the shore;
Though baffled once, again advance;
Challenge the wave once more.

THE END.





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